The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Winter Mail

OUTFIT 266
NUMBER 4

Glimpses at Eskimo Life
—J. Dewey Soper

Canada's Flying Future
—Charles J. Woodsworth

Albany River Adventure
—Martin K. Bovey

Shareholders of the HBC in 1673 and 1675
—Fulmer Mood

The Beaver Club
—Clifford P. Wilson

Wings Over the Magnetic Pole
—E. Green

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INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

The Main Routes of the Imperial Airways and Important Aerial Connections

This map, reproduced from the Imperial Airways Limited report of their annual general meeting for 1935, should be studied in conjunction with the map on page 14 of this issue. These two maps together probably show all the important air routes of the future, and show the part that the Dominion of Canada must play in world transportation tomorrow. The great width of the Dominion, with its Arctic islands, instead of being a handicap to transportation, will permit air routes to both Europe and Asia without what today seems to us to be the perpetual hazard of flight across many hundred miles of open sea. It should be remembered that these air routes across the top of the world are not entirely fantastic. Several flights have been made to and from Europe by way of Baffin Island and Iceland, the Russians last year began a flight from Moscow across the Pole to Canada, but were forced to abandon the attempt until this summer, due to mechanical difficulties, and in 1931 the Lindberghs blazed the air trail from New York to China by way of Hudson Bay, Aklavik, Alaska and the Kamchatka peninsula. To the Imperial Airways map we have added the recent route of the China Clipper *from San Francisco to Canton.*

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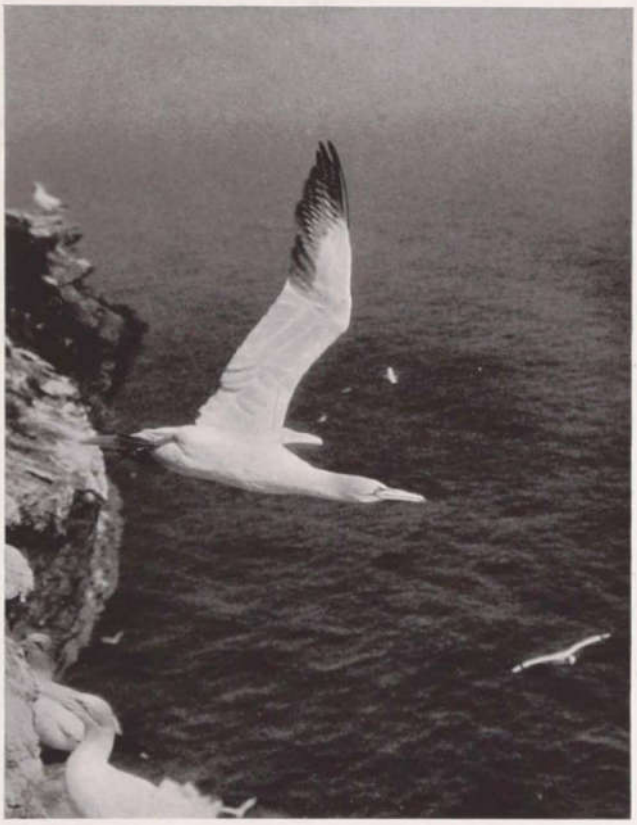
MARCH 1936



Take Off G. Harper Hall

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THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is circulated to employees and is also sent to friends of the Company upon request. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, under the direction of Douglas MacKay, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

Night Flight

THE HBC

To say that time marches on is an understatement. Time literally flies on. In the Great Pursuit of time, men of the Hudson's Bay Company are probably well in the lead. If flying can help in the saving of travel time we must have a fairly good grip on the forelock. Dredged up from departmental statistics comes the impressive figure of nine hundred and forty-three flying hours logged during the past seventeen months by men in the Company's service. Most of this has been in the Fur Trade Department, though the Canadian Committee Office and the Wholesale each have a share.

Photo Maxwell Frederic Coplan

PACKET

The Company is certainly not what it used to be; if it was, we would still be operating sales shops and travelling in York boats. It might not be long before we find chief factors qualifying as pilots. Air travel can perhaps be taken as a symbol of the increased tempo of the Company's affairs. Fifteen years ago H B C was, so to speak, completely "grounded." Yet consider these seventeen-month figures: one hundred and twenty-seven men in the service have covered 87,364 miles by air; seventeen of these men have flown over 1,000 miles. These figures are exclusive of air freighting. Who would

speculate on the next fifteen years in the air travel business? Keeping comfortably in the area of not too specific forecasts, *The Beaver* in this number steps out of the past and makes a few shots into the future. The predictions are not written by Number One Experts, because we found that the experts—Air Force officers and commercial flying company officials—are so bold in their forecasts that they refuse to be quoted for fear of appearing absurd. But we have some of their best ideas quoted without acknowledgment. We pass them on for what they are worth, and we believe they are worth reading. It is all part of life in a speeded-up world in which the fur trade, two hundred and sixty-six years old, is quite definitely not being left behind.

From Cambridge Bay, N.W.T., up near the top of the world, Rev. H. R. Rokeby-Thomas, missionary, writes a brief spirited fantasy which may not be as fantastic as it seems on the first reading. C. J. Woodsworth, of Winnipeg, who is in Ottawa this winter, contributes some speculations on air travel drawn from his own experiences as an amateur pilot and from a broad interest in the whole subject. E. Green, of Winnipeg, has set down the absorbing details of the Gilbert-Burwash flight over the Magnetic Pole. R. H. G. Bonnycastle, manager of the Western Arctic district, Hudson's Bay Company Fur Trade, tells of the rescue by plane of the *Baychimo's* crew. From Toronto, Sandy Macdonald gathers up the threads of some of the most celebrated Canadian flights. These make the fabric of legends and the substance of tales to be told for years to come wherever pilots and mechanics meet to smoke and yarn. As the narratives of exploration and railway building have come to be part of Canada's story, so the adventures of pioneer flying in Canada, where men carefully calculated the known hazards and then took off into new country and unknown hazards, will be absorbed into the lives of the people. Boys will read them over and over again and men will tell them often until they come to have the friendly sound of old tales well told. Time flies on, but where?

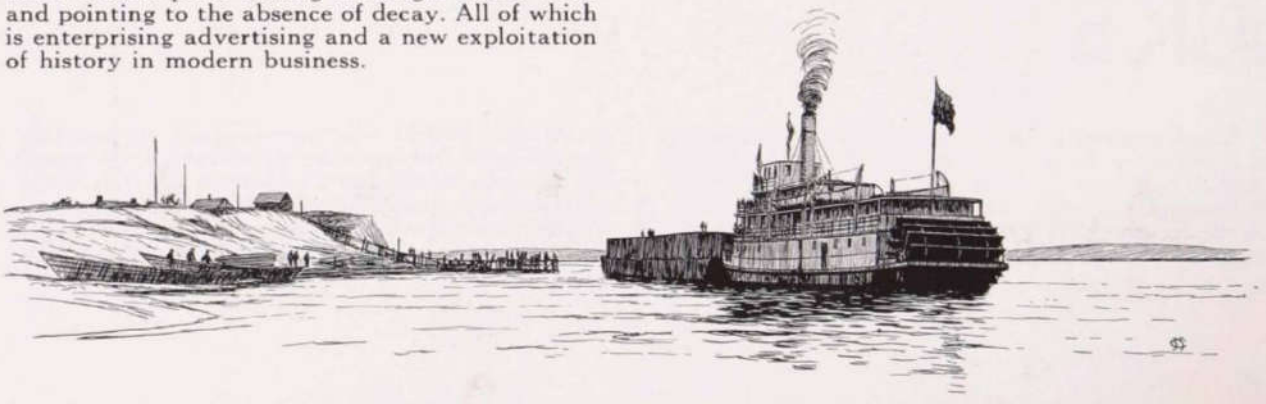
Testifying to the superlative qualities of British Columbia timber, a Nanaimo lumber company is mailing far and wide samples of hand hewn lumber from one of the old buildings erected by the Hudson's Bay Company at Nanaimo in 1848. The samples are cut from one inch planks and each bears a brass plate stating the origin of the wood and pointing to the absence of decay. All of which is enterprising advertising and a new exploitation of history in modern business.

The Empire mourned and all the nations paid tribute. Last Post echoed round the world. In devotional services and in ceremonies the churches, the army and navy paid their last respects. Commerce ceased on the day of the Royal funeral. The death of a British monarch has a special significance to the Hudson's Bay Company. The granting of the Charter by Charles II, the subsequent ownership of shares by the Royal Family, and latterly the issuance of supplemental charters "by Warrant under the King's Sign Manual" have brought the Company of Adventurers into unique association with the ruling house of Britain. The reporting in these pages of the profound sincerity of the Company's participation in the Empire's mourning could only be inadequate at best. One incident from the Arctic, where men of the Company carry a burden of obligation toward a primitive people, may symbolize a wide sentiment.

First word regarding the reception of the news of the death of King George by the Eskimos came from L. G. White at Tuktoyaktuk post beyond the mouth of the Mackenzie river on the Arctic coast. Writing by the second winter air mail from the Arctic, Mr. White says:

"I received the news of the death of His Majesty King George V, from the B.B.C. in London four hours after he died. I immediately sent word to the Eskimo chief Mungolalik. I flew our flag half-mast all the next day and the chief did likewise. About nine in the morning he called at the post bringing most of the men with him. When they had all come inside, he stated: 'Everyone sorry because good man die. Him King long time now and I never hear anyone say bad against him.'

"A picture of King George sent from district office has been on the wall since early last fall, and the Eskimos have all seen it scores of times, but they all went up to it now and had another look. I was plied with questions concerning the late King and who would be King now, and also had to give a description of the King's house. Later in the day I instructed the chief to fly his flag at the mast-head on the 22nd in honour of the new King, and our flag was also at the mast-head all that day. The



chief and his men called again on the evening of of the 22nd while the radio was bringing us news of the demonstrations in London. I explained these as well as I could and told the people all about the new King. They wanted to know if things would be changed at all and I assured them they would be the same as usual. The chief seemed slightly disappointed because I did not know the Royal Family personally.

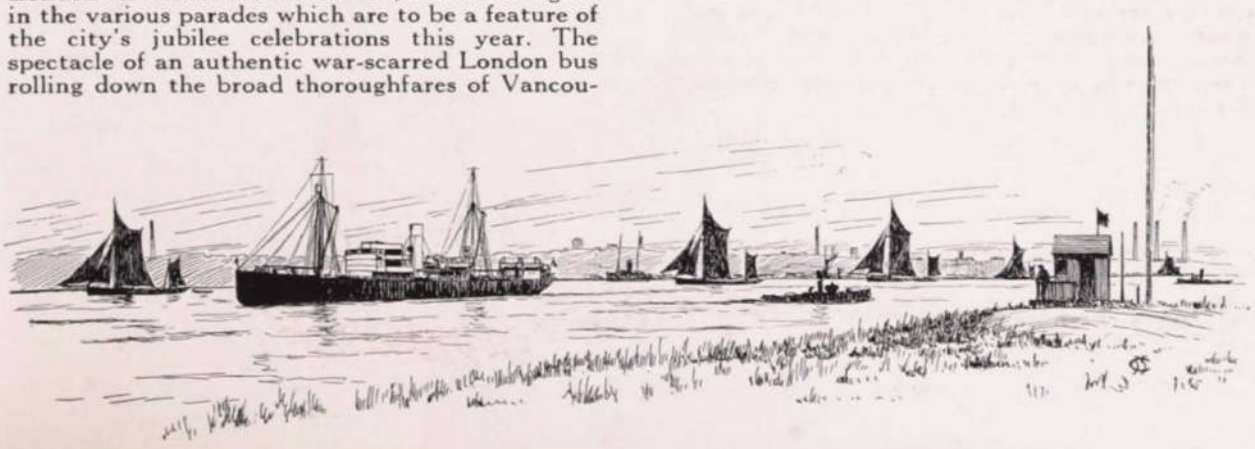
"I then presented Mungolalik with a picture of King Edward VIII and he went home extremely pleased. He left with his dogs in the morning to tell the sad news to the natives up the coast. This picture of the new King was presented to me by some friends in Barbados, B.W.I., while on our voyage from Newfoundland to the Western Arctic in 1934. It hung on the wall of the mess room on board the *Fort James* until now when I presented it to the chief. It seems an odd circumstance that it should find its way from a home in the tropics to the home of the Eskimo chief on the Western Arctic coast."

There are more than seven thousand fur farms in Canada, according to our much quoted Dominion Bureau of Statistics, and the value of pelts of ranch-bred animals represents about 31 per cent of the total animal value of the raw fur production of the Dominion.

From the *Monthly News Letter*, dated December 2nd, 1935, issued by the Agent General for British Columbia, London: "Thanks to the courtesy of Lord Ashfield and the representations of Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, the London Passenger Transport board has consented to lend the city of Vancouver the much prized 'B' type London bus which reposes in the board's museum. This pre-war bus and one other, in the keeping of the Ex-Service Men's Association, are the only survivors of that fleet of L.G.O.C. buses which, commandeered by the government for service as troop carriers on the outbreak of war, vanished in a night from the London streets to reappear on the pavees of France and Flanders. The Furness Withy Line have generously offered free transportation for the bus from London to Vancouver and return, and it will figure in the various parades which are to be a feature of the city's jubilee celebrations this year. The spectacle of an authentic war-scarred London bus rolling down the broad thoroughfares of Vancouver will, among a population drawn so largely from British sources and containing so many who served on the western front, eventually recall memories alike of old and happy far-off things and battles long ago."

Hudson's Bay "Point" blankets are interesting merchandise. Some day someone will write a book about the blankets and it will be packed full of good stories, good pictures, and it will be read by people who like their adventure authentic as well as by manufacturers and sales managers looking for tips on quality maintenance and how to satisfy customers. Meanwhile, the Wholesale Department of the Hudson's Bay Company is interested in the histories of "Point" blankets more than fifty years old. If your blankets were bought by grandfather before the Northwest Rebellion and went through soldiering, homesteading and gold rushing, and if you still have them, let the Wholesale Department hear about it. One pair acquired recently was salvaged by a diver from a ship sunk in Lake Superior and used by his family for forty-five years.

Speaking of long service, there remains, after all these years, an element of surprise in working for the Hudson's Bay Company. For instance, you may discover suddenly that the Company owns the golf course you play upon, or that the man you see in the street car so often works in the Land Department, or that the Fur Trade manufactures canoes, sells sleigh bells for dog teams and percussion caps for muzzle loading guns. The latest surprise to brighten our lives was in coming upon Imperial Twist. It was mentioned by J. W. Anderson in the last issue in his article on "The Rupert River Brigade," and it turns out to be an authentic branded line (coat-of-arms and all) of tobacco. And what tobacco! A hard black brick weighing a pound offers a new and interesting experience to the users of tobacco (smokers or chewers)—a unique fragrance, somewhere between tear gas, chlorine and monoxide, only not so painless. It is probably the lineal descendant of the nigger-head tobacco used in the Indian trade years ago, and as it came in ropes it was sold by the inch. Certainly it is a new and interesting experience.



Canada's Flying Future

Photographs courtesy Imperial Airways, TWA The Lindbergh Line, United Airlines, American Airlines and Germany Magazine.

By
CHARLES J. WOODSWORTH
Winnipeg

An American TWA air liner crossing the Missouri at Kansas City

WHAT does the next decade hold for Canada in the realm of flying? It is no idle question, no abstruse speculation for a romantic and imaginative Jules Verne. We need no scientific dreamer now to paint the pictures of what may come. Today we live those dreams, and reality replacing fantasy, look ahead with calculating eye to the lines progress is most likely to take.

* * * * *

As far as the general public is concerned, interest in aviation has so far been confined largely to the development in the commercial and military fields. Disturbed conditions in the Orient and Europe, following on the publicity the new weapon attained during the war years, have emphasized the development of military flying.

The result has been to overshadow the continuous advance which has taken place in regard to private flying. The number of persons qualifying for licenses is steadily increasing, some in the hope of becoming professional pilots, others with no other thought than that at some future date they may be able to possess planes of their own.

Private ownership of planes, then, may be looked upon as one of the most important developments which will take place in the next decade—the commencement of an era in which private flying will be as common as car driving is now. Expense is a drawback for the time being. But this handicap is being rapidly overcome. Designers and manufacturers everywhere are concentrating on the produc-

tion of small light aeroplanes which will carry one or two passengers and can be sold at a price within range of the ordinary citizen's means. In many countries numerous successful experiments are being conducted with so-called "flea" or "flivver" types. The market, particularly in the United States, has already reached the size where mass production could be undertaken profitably, and as commercial aviation expands and facilities along main and branch routes increase the demand for private planes will mount.

In 1946 it should be almost as common for a Winnipeg resident to fly his own plane business or pleasure bent to Toronto or Edmonton—trips occupying only four or five hours—as it is for him now to go by train.

* * * * *

Private flying will be the most novel and, to individual citizens, the most interesting development of the next ten years. But in a sense it will be an offshoot of commercial flying, for this branch will continue to be the pioneer and to lay the basis for expansion. Commercial aviation being firmly established, it is easier to predict the course events in this field may take.

From the Canadian angle, two aspects may be examined. Most important to the domestic economy, ranks the question of internal communications, particularly in the northern areas. Aircraft is already indispensable to the mining industry and is likely to become more so. Canada is becoming increasingly eager to exploit her mineral wealth and the opening of new areas will mean an increased demand for air services.

* * * * *

Mining provides the greatest field of opportunity for aircraft in Canada, and this phase of activity will be permanent in the North for many years to come. Coincident with it will be the development of regular passenger transport and air-mail routes.

Resumption of the trans-Canada air route, which was interrupted by depression conditions after an auspicious beginning, can be only a question of time. The facilities are there, waiting to be used. Some progress has been made during the intervening time since the service was discontinued. A new series of airports has been constructed. But it is altogether likely that some of these fields on the run from Halifax to Vancouver will be little used. Intermediate stops will be minimized to maintain a high-speed transcontinental schedule, and from these stopping places feeder lines will connect with important industrial centres off the main route. This service could be put into operation on a few months' notice as there are pilots and other fully trained personnel capable of rapid adaptation to the needs of such a service.

Linked with the trans-Canada, and it is to be hoped as a main line extension of it, will be the trans-Atlantic service. Service to the Orient was inaugurated by the giant Pan-American Airways' China-Clipper at the close of 1935; trans-Atlantic schedules are to become a reality either this year or next.

With four leading aircraft organizations in the field—Imperial and Pan-American Airways combined, the German Lufthansa and Dutch K.L.M.

A new German passenger aeroplane—a triple motored Ju 52

companies—and a choice of routes and terminals, the selection will have an exceedingly important influence on Canada's future air development. It is probable, however, that not one, but three or four routes, will be in operation within the next decade.

At the air conference in Washington last November agreement was reached between British and United States companies and governments for a direct air service over the North Atlantic. This will operate via Bermuda and the Azores in winter, and possibly via Newfoundland in summer. New York will be the North American terminal, with some point in Canada, presumably North Sydney, or Halifax, Nova Scotia, as an intermediate stop on summer runs.

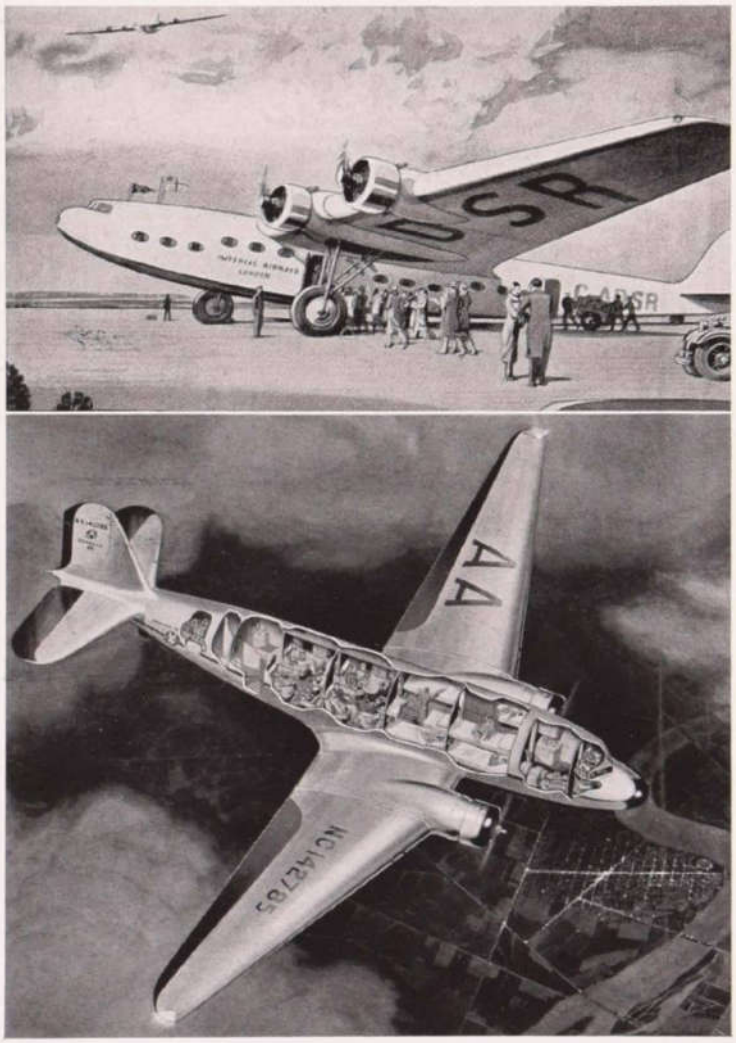
Lufthansa is planning to utilize the same route, but the termini will be Lakehurst, New Jersey, and Friedrichshafen, Germany. Zeppelins will be used, such as it operated so successfully on the South American runs, for passengers, and small fast planes for mail. It is pushing construction and experiments, and in all probability will be the first to inaugurate regular service.

Canadians may feel disappointed that some point in the Dominion was not selected as terminal. Though the volume of mail from England to New York is almost ten times as great as that to Canada, and on economic grounds the decision in which Imperial Airways participated is a justifiable one, some who are pessimistic regarding this country's aviation future look on it as a real possibility that Canada will have no main line transcontinental service of its own to link up with the trans-Atlantic, but will be satisfied with feeder services linking Canadian centres with airlines crossing the United States. Canada, they point out, is on such friendly terms with its neighbour that Canadians have no hesitation in using the facilities provided by services south of the border.

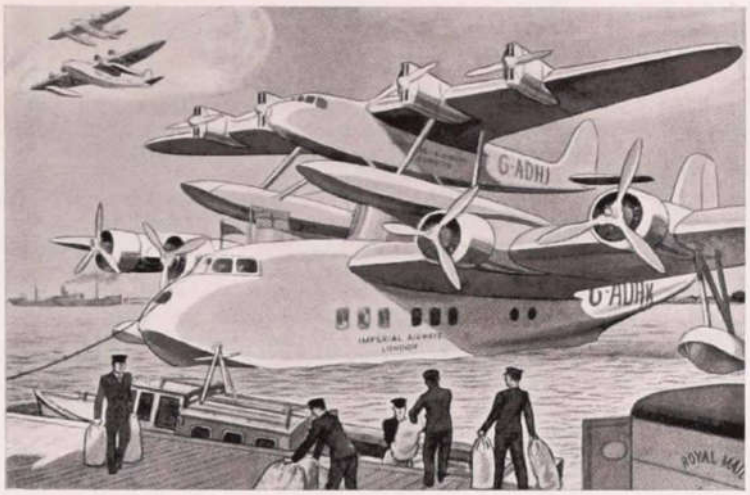
For example, the average Canadian cares little whether a letter he posts in Montreal is carried over American or Canadian railroads. Similar indifference, the pessimists declare, exists regarding aviation. In 1934 the Canadian government offered bases in both British Columbia and Alberta to American air companies. Companies from across the line are operating from Detroit to Buffalo over the Niagara peninsula and have established on Canadian territory their own radio beam stations and lighting equipment.

There is perhaps ground for the criticism. On the other hand there are factors tending to a full utilization of Canada's undoubted strategic position.

Stretch a string across a school room globe and you will gain the airman's idea of the world's true shape. The experiment opens a vast range of possibility. Canada, lying "high up in the world," forms a natural northern bridge between Europe and the Orient. On each side to the south widen the tremendous open stretches of the North Atlantic and the North Pacific. These present, and will continue to present, great hazards to direct air communication between Europe and the United States. The Dominion's land buttresses, on the other hand, thrown out east and west, stretch directly to the neighbour continents. Lines drawn from a central point like Winnipeg continue almost unbroken by open water to the British Isles and Japan. In combination with political considerations, this geographical position augurs well for the future. The



Above: A four-engined Imperial Airways air liner now under construction in England. Below: Drawing showing the comfortable passenger and mail accommodation in an American Airlines machine.



An Imperial Airways composite aircraft now building for the trans-Atlantic service. The lower machine is used for the launch and gaining of altitude, then the upper machine is released and able to start its journey with a far greater load. Below: An American Airlines machine in flight.

doctrine of the shortest route as permanent objective is a maxim particularly in aviation, unless, of course, special inducements, such as intermediate traffic density, take primary consideration. The initial trans-Atlantic route is to have its terminus in the United States. But there are other routes the future is not likely to neglect. Europe is honeycombed with barriers to the development of international routes. The England-to-India route is only one example. Imperial Airways until recently were not permitted to fly over Southern France. In these circumstances Europe is looking westward for routes to the Far East by way of the North American continent instead of across its own large hinterland. The race is to eliminate time, and with that as the objective Canada's prospects are bright.

In the Empire scheme Canada stands to hold a position of increasing importance. British aircraft are pointing towards the Orient, and considerations of defence may influence Great Britain in favour of an "all-red" route. Direct distances in the Pacific are great but, by agreements such as those already reached between Imperial and Pan-American Airways, there is nothing to prevent the route continuing by way of either the Hawaiian or Aleutian islands.

Apart from this, some Canadian airmen at least are looking to the opening up of an entirely different line in the near future. In essence it is the "roof of the world" route via Greenland, Iceland and the Faroe islands, which has been given such widespread publicity in recent years.

An excellent case can be made for the practicability of this route. Considering it from the essential aspects of pay load, shorter distance, reliability and cheapness of operation, it appears likely that within the next ten years aircraft will be soaring over this route on schedule runs, and operating, moreover, on a thoroughly profitable basis. Looking ahead, the route most likely to be selected will run from Chicago, through Ontario and Quebec east of Hudson Bay, touch the tip of Baffin Land, cross the Greenland ice cap and continue to the British Isles via the island bridge.

Aircraft operating on this run will tap territory untouched by other services. It is fur and mining country. There are trappers to be transported. The thriving centres of Sudbury and Cochrane lie on it. Further on are the big mining settlements of Opemiska and Chibougamau. Lest any one should question the importance of these odd sounding places, it may be mentioned that more freight is being shipped in to them now than to any other point in North America. More mineral finds, also, were made in Northern Quebec last year than anywhere else in Canada.

Baffin Land is not the useless and uninhabitable northern desert some people suppose it. Fur is trapped. Gold is known to exist there, samples having been brought out by the Eskimos. Should it be discovered in quantity, there are inland lakes on the enormous island suited to land-

ing aircraft. Greenland and Iceland do not lack pay loads and passenger traffic.

Practical airmen claim for this route that pay load over it would probably be about four times as great, for the same power load, as over the trans-Atlantic run now pro-

jected. They believe that experimental flights might be undertaken any time which would pay for themselves if not undertaken too frequently until the establishment of regular service. They pooh-pooh talk of bad weather, a factor emphasized by those who do not favour it. Those acquainted with the country say there are better flying conditions on it than elsewhere in the North. To criticism on grounds of darkness and shorter days, they urge that this is a relatively small handicap as compared with fogs off the maritimes and Newfoundland; that darkness and terrain are less to be feared in air navigation than bad weather and open water. The ocean will always be stormy at times, and if a boat can't live in it, a plane certainly cannot.

Seadromes? Yes, they are looked upon as a distinct probability in transocean flying. But their cost is high and air services will never derive any intermediate traffic from them. Over the land route on the other hand, airports and other facilities can be established at a comparatively low cost. Private aeroplanes will be able to use them; whereas it will be a long time before individually owned and operated machines will be able to take off casually across the dangerous ocean stretches. Extension of private flying will insure expansion of "service station" facilities along the route. A big industry will be built up based on this demand.

A route regarded as almost certain to be in operation within the decade is that stretching from South America northward through the United States and Canada to Alaska. Probable points on it are Brownsville in Texas, Great Falls in Montana, Lethbridge, Calgary, Edmonton, Forts McMurray, Chipewyan, Resolution, Simpson and Norman, branching there to Arctic Red River, Fort Yukon and Fairbanks. With the exception of the short hops from Great Falls to Lethbridge and from Arctic Red River to Fort Yukon (this has often been flown), the whole of this line has been operated on schedule service. So certain is this development considered that aviation authorities talk of Lethbridge, the probable cross roads, as the most important air point on this continent.

Airmen forsee an additional line from Fairbanks branching at Fort Chipewyan and running directly across Northern Saskatchewan to Winnipeg. Fairbanks, to these forecasters, represents the take-off point for air service to the Orient. Should volume of mail between Great Britain and the Orient warrant it, an unlikely possibility, a line might go into operation linking it with the Greenland route. From Baffin Land this line would cross the Northwest Territories via Baker and Great Bear lakes, hooking up with the Fairbanks route at Fort Norman.

* * * * *

What will the aeroplanes of ten years hence be like? Will there be great mechanical changes? Will the machines of the future differ greatly in appearance from those used now?

Difficult questions to answer in an age which sees astonishing scientific miracles performed daily. Speed is the commonest question. At what rate will planes travel?

Strangely enough—or so the average person will consider it—air authorities are not looking to greatly increased speeds in coming years. The mechanical handicap is tremendous. It takes twenty-seven times as much power to pull a plane at two hundred and seventy miles an hour as it does at ninety. Average cruising speed is the real issue, and ten years hence airmen anticipate that this is not likely to greatly exceed two hundred or two hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. This will of course mean speeds up to two hundred and fifty or more miles an hour.

Low-wing monoplanes with engines in the wings and retractable undercarriages will be the rule. In these machines passengers are well removed from engine noise and the double power unit enables the craft to continue should one engine fail. Planes will be of all metal construction; wood and fabric will disappear. Sleeper aeroplanes will be more common. In large transports independent auxiliary power plants will supply energy for radio, lights and air pressure. For certain industrial operations the autogyro may come to be accepted.

The greatest mechanical advance is looked for along metallurgical lines. Lighter metals are being sought. Beryllium, an exceedingly hard light metal, may be alloyed with aluminum, for instance, to produce satisfactory aeroplane material.

Diesel engines now in use on at least one Junkers machine are a possibility even for light aircraft. They have the advantage of simplicity but the disadvantage of weight. Requiring no electric ignition, they produce more horsepower hours per gallon of fuel than the gasoline engine. Considerable progress was achieved in the adaptation of the Diesel engine to aircraft by the Packard motor company's chief engineer. At the time of his death in a crash on Lake Michigan in 1934 he had reduced the weight to as low as 2.2 pounds per horsepower. Some air cooled gas engines by the same standard weigh less than one pound.

Experiments are also being conducted with steam engines, some having been recently developed which weigh only two pounds per horsepower. For greatest efficiency a gasoline engine must operate at many more revolutions per minute than the number required for greatest propeller efficiency. Development of maximum power at slow speeds—the advantage of the steam engine—would solve this important problem.

The unlimited possibilities in the mechanical field defeat discussion. A new carburettor has been invented enabling automobiles to travel ten times their present mileage per gallon. Should this be applied successfully to aircraft engines it would bid fair to revolutionize the entire aviation industry, the greatest problem of which, from the economic standpoint, is fuel carrying. Size, silent engines, new fuels or fuels of a higher octane number, gas turbines, and even the application of the rocket principle to aeroplanes are all points too lengthy to be considered here.

* * * * *

Big improvements will be witnessed in regard to navigational aids. Direction-finding is no longer a major problem. Of more importance is the difficulty of exactly locating an airport in fog, of

On the left: One of the Italian machines of General Balbo's fleet of twenty-four seaplanes which crossed the Atlantic in 1933 to attend the Chicago World Fair. The photograph was taken during the fleet's stay at Cartwright on the Labrador Coast.

Centre: The interior of an American United Air Lines transcontinental machine. This line links the East to Pacific coast cities, including Vancouver, B.C.

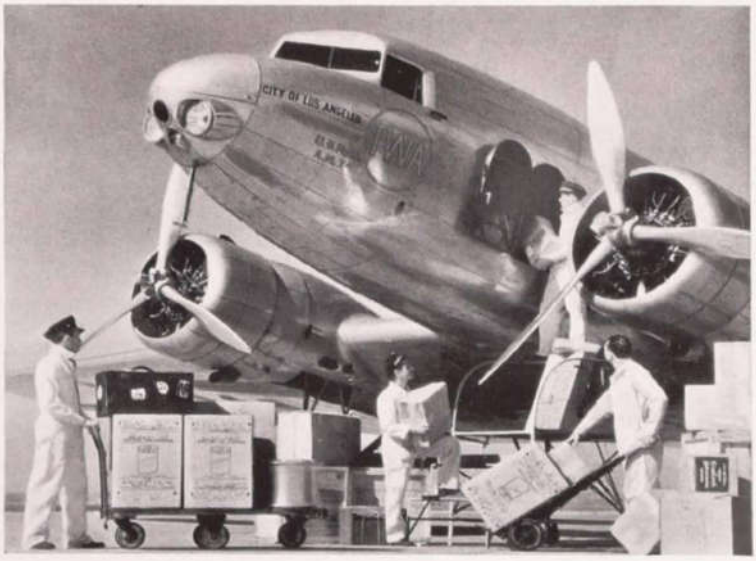
Below: Loading freight into one of TWA'S Douglas air liners. This is the famous Lindbergh line, which created a transcontinental record of thirteen hours and two minutes.

knowing when to shut the motor off and glide in. Systems facilitating this are now in use in Germany and the United States but are still imperfect. Traffic control towers and parallel runways at airports will be common.

The chief lack at present is a means of accurately determining altitude. The ordinary altimeter, set at zero, shows only the distance above the point at which a machine takes off. An aeroplane with an altimeter showing an altitude of two thousand feet at Winnipeg would be one thousand feet underground, so to speak, at Calgary. Similarly no apparatus has been devised to warn a pilot, flying blind, when he is approaching a vertical height such as a mountain. These handicaps are certain to be overcome. To obviate the altimeter difficulty German inventors are already experimenting with an echo apparatus which utilizes radio on the principle of the length of time sound takes to travel.

Stratosphere flying is not regarded as a likelihood within the decade. Altitudes for practical purposes will probably not exceed 15-16,000 feet. Aeroplanes will fly in layers, travelling at different altitudes for different directions—a safety provision especially when visibility is bad.

But airmen rule out the stratosphere for a long time to come. Hermetically sealed machines might develop leaks, with disastrous consequences to pilots and passengers. Passengers in any case are likely to oppose a type of travel calling for oxygen treatment and perhaps medical examination. Pressure on ear drums and the difficulty of heating machines are other unfavourable factors.



Arctic Fantasy

By
Rev. H. R. ROKEBY-THOMAS, B.Sc., F.C.I., F.R.E.S., F.R.Econ.S.
Cambridge Bay, Victoria Island

A Dream of Regular Airlines Over the Top of the World Which May Become Reality Within the Next Decade.

THE barren rock surface of southeast Victoria Land, with its many frozen lakes and negligible undulations, hardly lightened by a white mantle of snow, lay almost invisible in the darkest hour of arctic winter. At Cambridge Bay alone gleamed a single light strong and penetrating.

In a room beneath the great light a radio operator sat speaking before a microphone: "VZK answering Imperial LZ; bearing direct on course two; time nine hours seven minutes Greenwich Mean Time: standing by." He pressed a button, and a moment later someone entered the room. The operator, without turning, said: "LZ's on time."

A moment later a blaze of lights illuminated a square of ice, and at nine hours fifteen minutes precisely the four-engined fifty-passenger Handley Page, G-EBLZ, owned and operated by the Imperial Air Lines, came to ground.

On board the navigator made the final entry for the section Ice Cap, Greenland, to Cambridge Bay, N.W.T., "On schedule, routine as usual." The night steward observed only three passengers were up to view the port of call.

Someone holding the nozzle of a pipeline away up on the centre section of the upper wing shouted, "Ready." Then, with the throwing of a switch, the pump connected with the huge gasoline storage tank sprung into action, sending the pulsating fluid of internal combustion life to the reservoirs of the powerful engines that would carry passengers and Royal Mail through hardships to the stars.

Snow began to fall, at first in casual but large flakes, then more thickly. The airport meteorologist, preparing a weather memorandum for the navigator, entered visibility international scale No. 2, which in plain British units signified 550 yards.

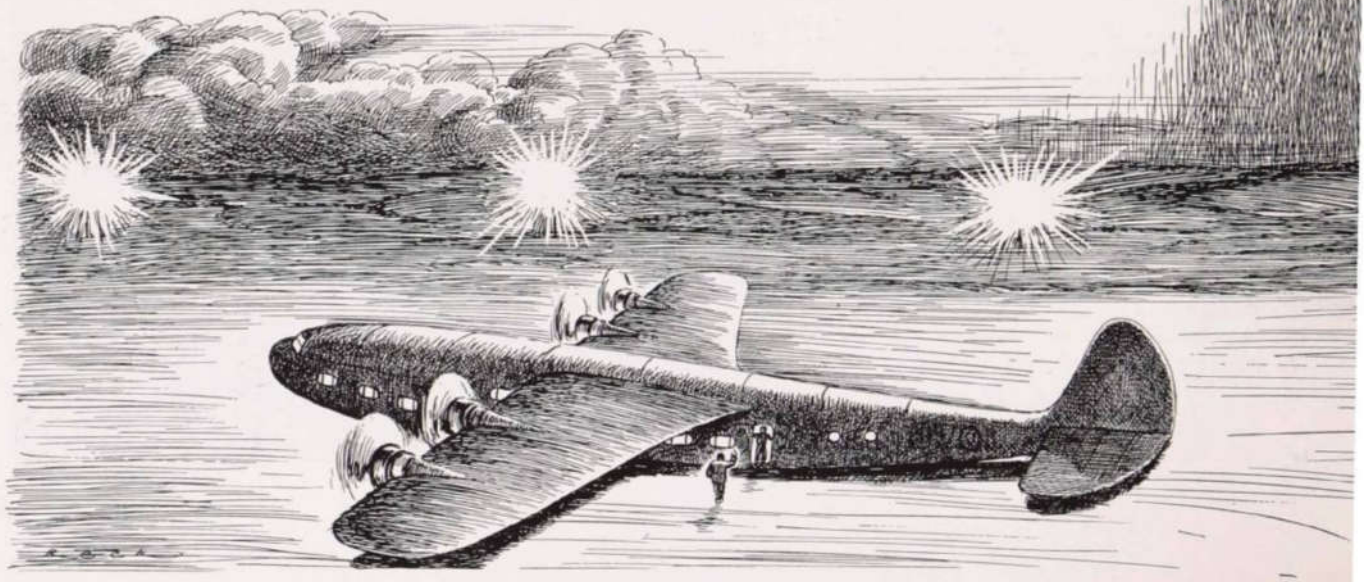
At nine hours twenty-nine minutes G.M.T. the four engines that had been silent for a brief space again came to life, still warm from their earlier exertions; and on the second of the half hour, almost bursting at full throttle, they roared in the mighty unity of a great crescendo, six thousand horse power shouting the call of Empire and Dominion against the frozen hinterland of the polar North, urging forward into an angry sky and vanishing into a diminuendo of vision and hearing that left the senses tingling with the triumph that courage and science presented in tribute to the mind of man.

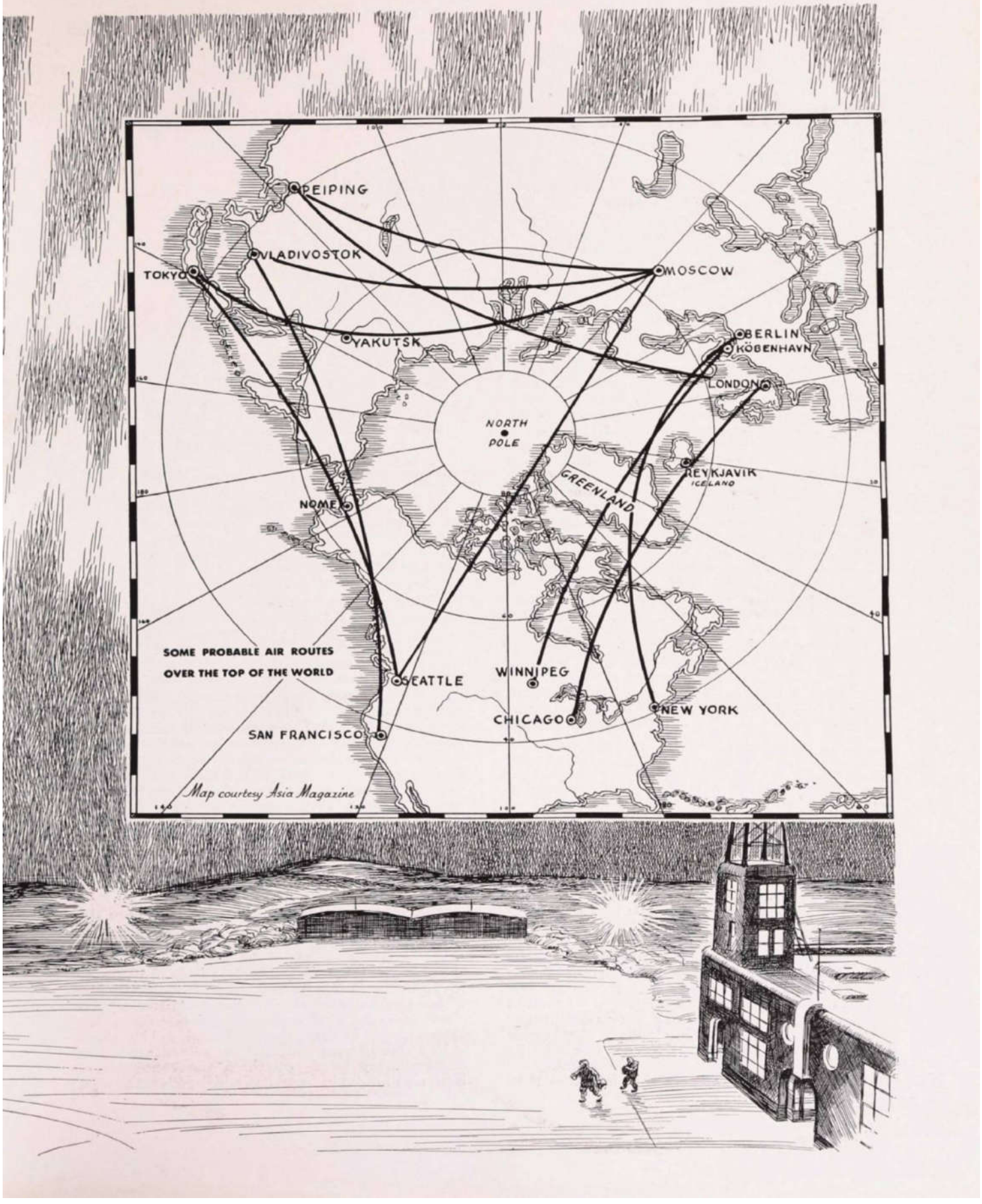
Far away on Canada's western seaboard a radio operator was intoning, "Calling Imperial LZ, calling Imperial LZ, Imperial LZ stand by for your bearings."

High up in the snow clouds of the night the Morse key in the radio room of the giant plane flickered out an answer.

* * * * *

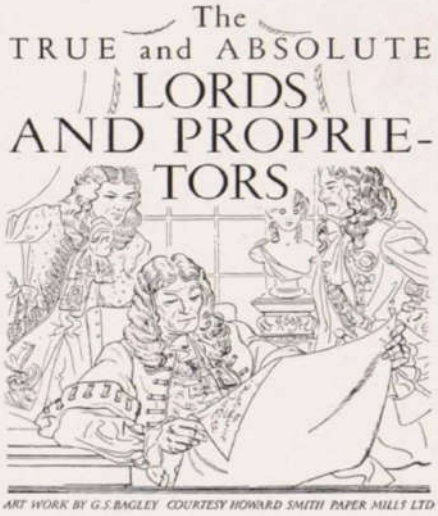
At fifteen hours Greenwich Mean Time (8 a.m. Cambridge Bay; time of the 105th meridian) the bedside alarm clock coughed and spluttered and the chilly atmosphere inside the house gave a reminder that the banked fires of the previous evening had reached their lowest ebb. Sleep was gone and with it the vision of mighty wings, but the memory lingered and the thoughts that not as yet saw reality gave the promise of tomorrow and the years to come.




PEIPING
VLADIVOSTOK
TOKYO
MOSCOW
YAKUTSK
BERLIN
KÖBENHAVN
LONDON
NORTH POLE
REYKJAVIK
ICELAND
GREENLAND
NOME
SOME PROBABLE AIR ROUTES
OVER THE TOP OF THE WORLD
SEATTLE
WINNIPEG
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO
Map courtesy Asia Magazine

Shareholders in the Hudson's Bay Company

in 1673



ART WORK BY G.S.BAGLEY COURTESY HOWARD SMITH PAPER MILLS LTD

and 1675

By Fulmer Mood, International Research Fellow, The Huntington Library, California

Two Recently Discovered Broadsides Showing the Names and Holdings of the Earliest Shareholders of the Company. The 1673 Broadside Was Found by the Author in the British Museum Last Year, While the One of 1675 Was Found in The London Public Record Office by Dr. Grace Lee Nute, of the Minnesota Historical Society

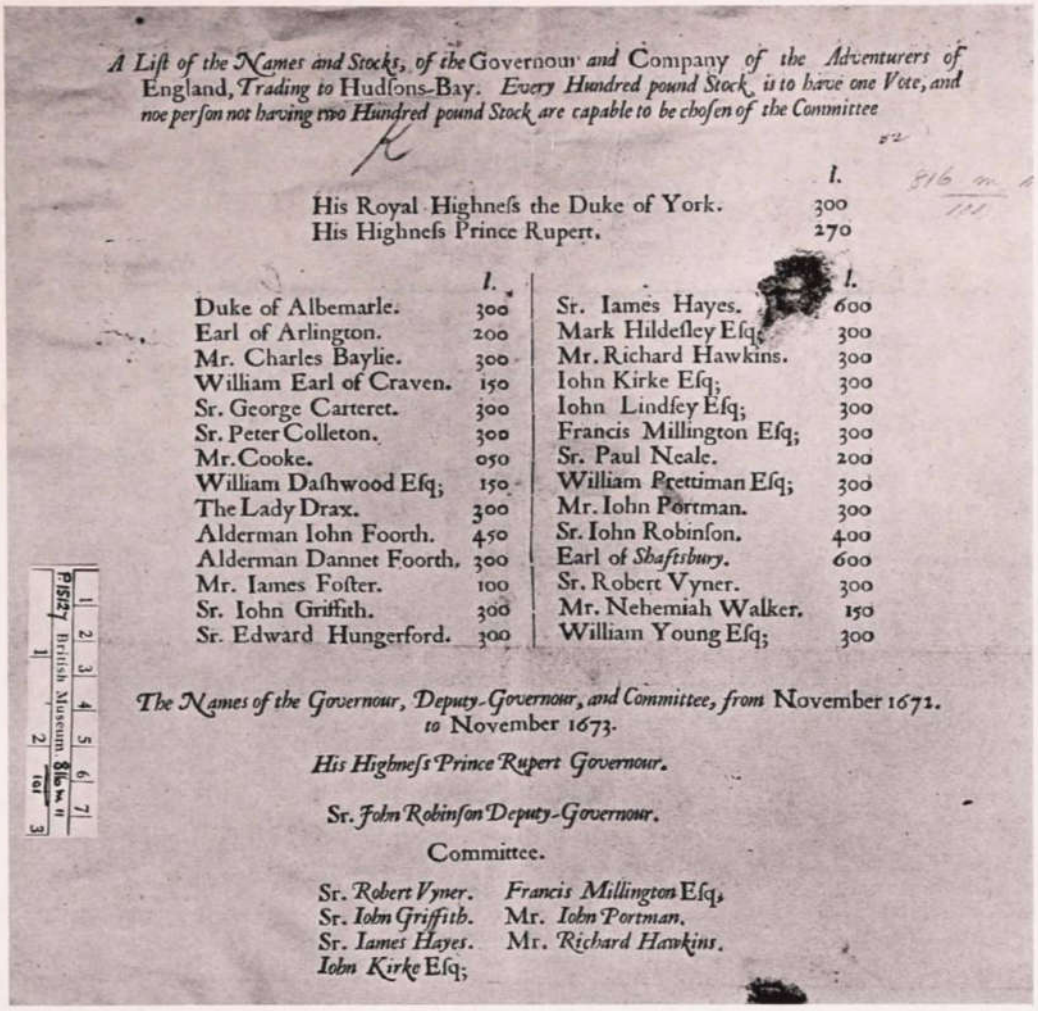
IT was ordained in the Charter of the Hudson's Bay Company of May 2nd, 1670: "that itt shall and may bee lawfull in all Eleccions and Bye-Lawes to bee made by the Generall Court of the Adventurers of the said Company that every person shall have a number of Votes according to his Stock that is to say for every hundred poundes by him subscribed or brought into the present Stock one vote and that any of these that have Subscribed lesse than one hundred poundes may joyne theire respective summes to make upp one hundred poundes and have one vote joyntly for the same and not otherwise."

This wise ordinance was not forgotten. At a General Court held at Prince Rupert's lodgings in Whitehall on November 17th, 1673, it was: "Ordered That the names of all the Adventurers in this Company & theyr Severall Stockes respectively bee putt in printe, & a copie thereof Sent to each member, against the next gennerall Courte, which is ordred to bee upon this day Seven night at tenn of the clocke in the morneing at the Prince's Lodgeings in Whitehall, & that every hundred poundes Stocke shall have one vote in the choice of Governour deputy Governour & Comittee from yeare to yeare yearely, which votes they may if they please sende in to the generall Courte, that is to say such members as cannot then bee presente, which shall bee deemed & accounted as good & Valid as if they were presente and it is further ordred that none shall bee chosen of the Comittee who hath not at the least two hundred poundes stocke; & that three of the Comittee shall be interchangeably varyed every yeare."

The first of the two broadsides which follow was at once printed. Eight days later, on November 25th, 1673, it was ordered by the Committee: "That a liste of the names of all the Adventurers bee presented to the next gennerall Courte in order to the confirmeing of them."

The original of the broadside for 1673 is in the British Museum Library, London. The press mark is 816, M. 11 (101). The copy reproduced here is taken from a photostat of the original procured by the writer of these lines. The broadside of 1675 was found in the Public Record Office, London, by Dr. Grace Lee Nute, of the Minnesota Historical Society, who has kindly given permission for publication here. The press mark is C.O. 134/11 (19).

The second broadside has been annotated by a contemporary hand and these annotations have been reproduced in footnotes which follow the text.



A Liſt of the Names and Stocks, of the Governour *and* Company *of the Adventurers of* England, *Trading to* Hudſons-Bay. *Every Hundred pound Stock is to have one Vote, and noe perſon not having two Hundred pound Stock are capable to be choſen of the Committee*

	l.
His Royal Highneſs the Duke of York.	300
His Highneſs Prince Rupert.	270

	l.		l.
Duke of Albemarle.	300	Sr. Iames Hayes.	600
Earl of Arlington.	200	Mark Hildeſley Eſq;	300
Mr. Charles Baylie.	300	Mr. Richard Hawkins.	300
William Earl of Craven.	150	Iohn Kirke Eſq;	300
Sr. George Carteret.	300	Iohn Lindſey Eſq;	300
Sr. Peter Colleton.	300	Francis Millington Eſq;	300
Mr. Cooke.	050	Sr. Paul Neale.	200
William Daſhwood Eſq;	150	William Prettiman Eſq;	300
The Lady Drax.	300	Mr. Iohn Portman.	300
Alderman Iohn Foorth.	450	Sr. Iohn Robinſon.	400
Alderman Dannet Foorth.	300	Earl of *Shaftsbury*.	600
Mr. Iames Foſter.	100	Sr. Robert Vyner.	300
Sr. Iohn Griffith.	300	Mr. Nehemiah Walker.	150
Sr. Edward Hungerford.	300	William Young Eſq;	300

The Names of the Governour, Deputy-Governour, and Committee, from November 1671. *to* November 1673.

His Highneſs Prince Rupert Governour.

Sr. John Robinſon Deputy-Governour.

Committee.

Sr. *Robert Vyner.*	*Francis Millington* Eſq,
Sr. *Iohn Griffith.*	Mr. *Iohn Portman.*
Sr. *Iames Hayes.*	Mr. *Richard Hawkins.*
Iohn Kirke Eſq;	

Facsimile of the 1673 Broadside

A List of the Names and Stocks, of the Governour and Company of the Adventurers of England, Trading to Hudsons-Bay. Every Hundred pound Stock is to have one Vote, and noe person not having two Hundred pound Stock are capable to be chosen of the Committee

	l.
His Royal Highness the Duke of York	300
His Highness Prince Rupert	270

	l.		l.
Duke of Albemarle	300	Sr. Iames Hayes	600
Earl of Arlington	200	Mark Hildesley Esq;	300
Mr. Charles Baylie	300	Mr. Richard Hawkins	300
William Earl of Craven	150	Iohn Kirke Esq;	300
Sr. George Carteret	300	Iohn Lindsey Esq;	300
Sr. Peter Colleton	300	Francis Millington Esq;	300
Mr. Cooke	050	Sr. Paul Neale	200
William Dashwood Esq	150	William Prettiman Esq	300
The Lady Drax	300	Mr. Iohn Portman	300
Alderman Iohn Foorth	450	Sr. Iohn Robinson	400
Alderman Dannet Foorth	300	Earl of Shaftsbury	600
Mr. Iames Foster	100	Sr. Robert Vyner	300
Sr. Iohn Griffith	300	Mr. Nehemiah Walker	150
Sr. Edward Hungerford	300	William Young Esq;	300

The Names of the Governour, Deputy-Governour, and Committee, from November 1672. to November 1673.

His Highness Prince Rupert Governour
Sr. John Robinson Deputy-Governour

Committee

Sr. Robert Vyner	Francis Millington Esq;
Sr. Iohn Griffith	Mr. Iohn Portman
Sr. Iames Hayes	Mr. Richard Hawkins
Iohn Kirke Esq.	

A LIST OF
The Adventurers of ENGLAND
Trading into
HUDSON'S BAY
AND OF
Their respective Shares in the General Stock.
NOVEMBER 1. 1675.

	l.
His Royal Highness the Duke of York	300
His Highness Prince Rupert (A)	200

	l.
Duke of Albemarl (B)	500
Earl of Craven (C)	200
Earl of Arlington	200
Earl of Shaftsbury (D)	700
Sir George Carteret (E)	400
Lord Ashley (F)	200
The Honorable Robert Boyle Esq;	200
Sir Peter Colleton	300
Sir Edward Hungerford	300
Sir John Griffith (G)	300
Sir James Hayes	1800
Sir John Kirke	300
Sir Richard Munden (H)	200
Lady Margaret Drax	300
Francis Millington Esq;	300
George Pitts Esq; (J)	300
William Pretyman Esq;	300
Richard Kent Esq; (K)	300
Thomas Neile Esq; (L)	300
William Young Esq;	300
Mark Hildesly Esq;	300
John Lindsay Esq;	300
Richard Carew Esq; (M)	400
John Bence Esq;	300
Paul Ferine Esq; (N)	300
Mr. William Walker	200
Mr. Wootton	200
James Buck Esq. (O)	100
Captain Hopefor Bendall (P)	100
Mr. James Foster	100
Mr. Cook (Q)	50

Total of the General Stock 10550 l.

The Names of the Governour, Deputy-Governour and seven Committees, from November 1674. to November 1675.

His Highness Prince Rupert Governour.
Sir George Carteret Deputy-Governour.

Sir John Robinson	Sir Edward Hungerford
Sir John Griffith	Sir John Kirke
Sir James Hayes	John Bence Esq;

John Lindsay Esq; Treasurer (R)

Every Adventurer is to have so many Votes as he has Hundred Pounds in the General Stock. No Person who has adventured less than 200 l. is capable of being chosen one of the Committee, whereof only four of the last are to remain, and three others to be chosen out of the Company, and added to them for the Year ensuing.

ANNOTATIONS

(A) Preceding this name: Governr, and following li 170 / 30
(B) Following this name: li 300 / 200
(C) Following this name: 150 / 50
(D) Preceding this name: Comttee.
(E) Preceding this name: Dep. Governr.
(F) Preceding this name: Ent.
(G) Preceding Griffith's name and the two following his: Comttee. Following Hayes' 900 / 900
(H) Preceding this name: Comttee ent.
(J) Preceding this name: Ent.
(K) Preceding this name: Ent.
(L) Preceding this name: Ent.
(M) Following Carew and Bence: Comttee.
(N) Preceding this name: Ent.
(O) Preceding this name: Ent.
(P) Preceding this name: Ent.
(Q) Preceding this name: Ent.
(R) Following this name: Continues.

On the right hand margin, near the bottom of the sheet, this calculation:

10020 . 0 0
530 . 0 0
£10550.

On the left hand margin, approaching the bottom of the sheet, this list of names:

Novr. 3d 1675 chosen
Pr. Rupert Governr.
Sr Geo. Carteret Depy.
Earle Shaftesbury.
Sr Jo. Griffith.
Sr Ja. Hayes.
Sr Jo. Kirke.
Sr Rich. Munden.
Alderm. Bence.
Rich. Carew Esqr.
Mr. Lindsay Treasr.

The Beaver Club

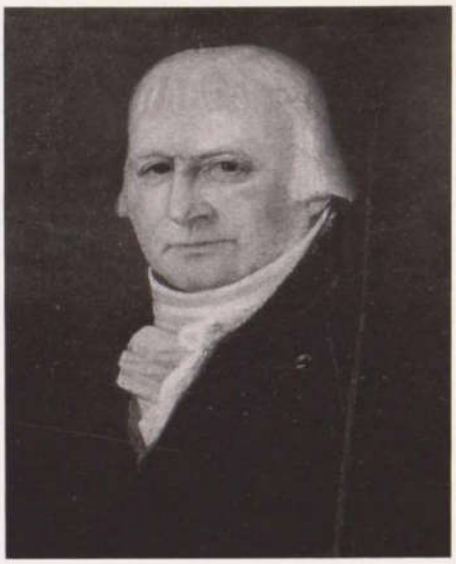
By
CLIFFORD P. WILSON
Montreal

Fabulous Are Many of the Stories of the Montreal Beaver Club, Founded 1785 by the North-West Company Partners, and Which, in a Final Burst of Drinking and Merriment and Song, Came to an Uproarious End in 1827, Six Years After the Union with the H B C. Many Famous Members of the Nor'wester Days Became Senior Commissioned Officers of the Revitalized Hudson's Bay Company

MONTREAL in the hey-day of the Nor'westers was as gay and hospitable a place as one could wish for. Most of the business of the fur traders was conducted in the summer, when the long canoes left Lachine for the Indian country and others came down laden with furs, and when the ships arrived from England with trade goods and sailed away with the furs the canoes had brought. But while the lakes and rivers were frozen commerce was pretty well at a standstill, and it was then that the Montrealers settled down to the cheerful business of entertaining each other with card parties, teas,

dances, concerts, assemblies, plays, sleigh drives, *visites de civilite*, and dinners.

Especially dinners. There were several wealthy fur traders living in Montreal at that time who in a few short years had come through enough hardship and adventure to last a lifetime. Now they were enjoying the fruits of the labours in the luxury of spacious living, spending their money like *grands seigneurs* and delighting to lavish upon each other and upon every well born stranger who came to Montreal all the hospitality at their command.



Joseph Frobisher, secretary of the Beaver Club from 1807 until his death in 1810; from the original oil in the McCord Museum. On either side are the two faces of the gold medal worn by James McGill, posthumous founder of McGill University. Every member of the Beaver Club on admission was obliged to have a gold medal made, engraved with his name and the date of his first visit to the Indian country, which was to be worn on a blue ribbon at every meeting. In this case the visit was in 1766.

For these men there was no better way of spending the winter evenings than to while them away in dining and wining and recounting the thrilling or amusing experiences that they had encountered in the strange and distant corners of the earth. Only those, however, who had been in the Indian country could appreciate to the full the tales of hardship and hairbreadth escapes that were exchanged across the wine cups. And so, in February 1785, nineteen of these hardy adventurers, each of whom had spent at least one winter in the *pays d'en haut*, formed themselves into a dining club, to which they gave the name of the industrious and persevering little animal who had been chiefly responsible for their fortunes—the beaver.

Eight of them were French speaking; three, all Frobishers, were Englishmen; two, Alexander Henry and Peter Pond, were from the States; and the other six were Scots. One would have expected the great Simon McTavish to be among the last; but the fact that he had never wintered in the Indian country made him ineligible. Later, this rule was evidently relaxed, and in 1792 he was admitted to membership.

On admission, each member was obliged to have a gold medal made, properly engraved and inscribed with his name and the date of his first visit to the Indian country, which was to be worn on a blue ribbon at every meeting. There is something faintly Rotarian in one of the rules—that anyone omitting to wear his medal on a club day was fined one dollar—but no fines were levied for neglecting to call a fellow member by his Christian name. A photograph of the medal worn by James McGill, posthumous founder of McGill university, is reproduced herewith and shows that he first went into the Indian country in 1766.

Of the first twenty-odd years of the Beaver Club's existence, little has been officially recorded, as the whereabouts of the minute books (if any) up to 1804 is unknown. We simply know that in that period were elected eight honorary members and twenty-four more fur traders, including some of the most famous in history—William McGillivray, (Sir) Alexander Mackenzie, Roderic McKenzie, Duncan McGillivray and Simon Fraser. From this period, however, has come down the only first hand description of a Beaver Club dinner that has been preserved—that written many years later by Colonel Landmann. Parts of it have often been quoted; but it is so lively and amusing that it will easily bear requoting here. In reading it, it is interesting to remember that Landmann was only a young lieutenant at the time (December 1797), not yet eighteen years old:

"I had not been twenty-four hours at Montreal before I was invited to dine for every day in succession during a week or ten days. . . . After many days of feasting and hard drinking, I was engaged . . . to dine with Sir Alexander Mackenzie and William McGillivray (who lived together). The party . . . amounted to about twenty in number.

"In those days we dined at four o'clock, and after taking a satisfactory quantity of wine, perhaps a bottle each, the married men, viz., Sir John Johnson, McTavish, Frobisher, Major O'Brien, Judge Ogden, Tom Walker (the last three being guests) and some others, retired, leaving about a dozen to drink to their health. We now began in right earnest and true Highland style, and by four o'clock in the morning the whole of us had arrived at such a degree of perfection that we could all give the war-whoop as well as Mackenzie and McGillivray, we could all sing admirably, we

could all drink like fishes, and we all thought we could dance on the table without disturbing a single decanter, glass or plate by which it was profusely covered, but on making the experiment we discovered that it was a complete delusion, and ultimately, we broke all the plates, glasses, bottles, &c., and the table also, and worse than all, the heads and hands of the party received many severe contusions, cuts and scratches. . . .

"I was afterwards informed that one hundred and twenty bottles of wine had been consumed at our convivial meeting, but I should think a great deal had been spilt and wasted."

Anyone caring to do a little figuring will discover that three and four bottle men would have been milksops among these hardy northern topers, because the result, counting the wine that was spilt, comes to nine bottles apiece for the single men. And so, with due deference to Sir Alexander and his confreres, it is respectfully suggested that either the gallant colonel or his informants were somewhat given to hyperbole.

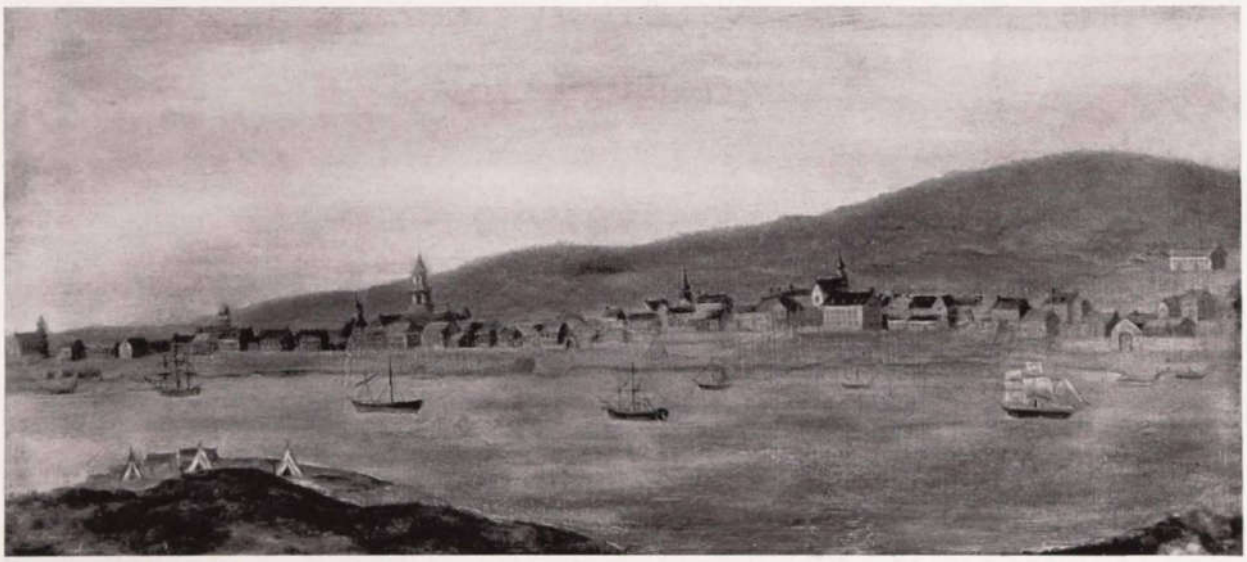
For accurate data on the bibulous side of the Beaver Club dinners we must consult the minute books, which begin in 1807 and show that the most serious drinking on record was done at the dinner of February 28, 1809, when twenty-four people drank thirty-eight bottles of wine and twenty-six bottles of beer.

Landmann's stories, however, are so entertaining that it is difficult to refrain from quoting another of them relative to the meeting he attended at Lachine the following May. He was then on his way to St. Joseph's Island in Lake Huron, and was to travel in the same canoe as William McGillivray and Angus Shaw, also a Beaver Club member, who were bound for Grand Portage.

"At La Chine we found the two canoes, destined to proceed with us, by the shore opposite to a house belonging to the North-West Company, and wherein an abundant luncheon was waiting our arrival. Several officers in the army, amongst them Colonel Gordon and Lieutenant McArthur of the 60th regiment, and some of the North-West Company, not about to form part of our expedition, had accompanied us, all of them, I believe, natives of the Highlands of Scotland, so that I was the only *foreigner* amongst them. We sat down, and without loss of time expedited the lunch intended to supersede a dinner, during which time the bottle had freely circulated, raising the old Highland drinking propensity so that there was no stopping it; Highland speeches and sayings, Highland reminiscences, and Highland farewells, with the *dioch and dorich*, over and over again, was kept up with extraordinary energy, so that by six or seven o'clock I had, in common with many of the others, fallen from my seat. To save my legs from being trampled on, I contrived to draw myself into the fireplace, and sat up in one of the corners, there being no stove nor grate.

"I there remained very passive, contemplating the proceedings of those who still remained at table, when at length Sir Alexander Mackenzie, as president, and McGillivray, as vice-president, were the last retaining their seats. Mackenzie now proposed to drink to our memory, and then give the war-whoop over us, fallen foes or friends, all nevertheless on the floor, and in attempting to push the bottle to McGillivray at the opposite end of the table, he slid off his chair, and could not recover his seat whilst McGillivray, in extending himself over the table in the hope of seizing the bottle which Mackenzie had attempted to push to him, also in like manner began to slide to one side, and fell helpless on the floor."

So much for the hilarious side of the Beaver Club dinners. There was another side, however,



Montreal about the time of the Beaver Club's inauguration. This is earliest known oil painting of the city, and was done in 1781 by Richard Dillon, who was later host to the Club for several years. (Courtesy W. D. Lighthall, Esq.).

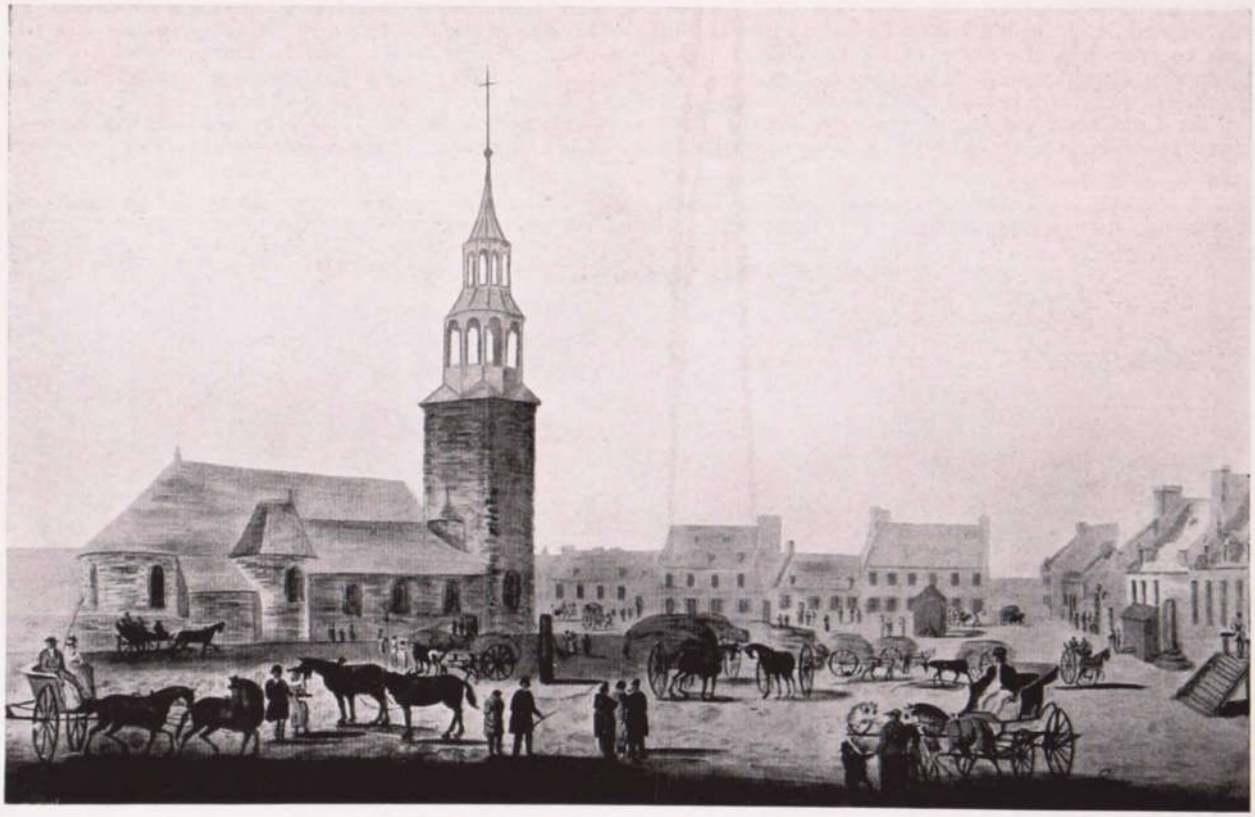
which does not appear in Landmann's "Adventures and Recollections." One of the official objects of the club, as already mentioned, "was to bring together at stated periods during the winter season a set of men highly respectable in society (prohibitionists please note) who had passed their best days in a savage country and had encountered the difficulties and dangers incident to a pursuit peculiar to the fur trade of Canada." The other was more utilitarian—"to afford a means of introduction into society to such traders as might from time to time, after a long absence, retire from the Indian country."

After the club had been running for four years, they began to admit honorary members. Altogether eleven of these were elected, most of them captains of the ships that took the furs of the North-West Company to England. For their especial benefit—or at least they provided the official excuse—meetings were sometimes held in the summer; but the regular meetings began the first week in December and were held once a fortnight until the second week in April.

From its foundation until September 1804 the club seems to have functioned pretty regularly. Then, for some unknown reason, it lapsed for a couple of years, and not until January 1807 was it "renewed and new-modelled."

The season began with the election of five new members who, directly they were admitted, proposed that the name be changed from Beaver Club to Voyageurs' Club. Two of the original members, Alexander Henry and Joseph Frobisher, were present, and a heated altercation ensued. Finally it was proposed that the question be put to the vote; whereupon Jacques Giasson, who had been a member for sixteen years, defiantly announced that, if the original name was retained, he would never darken its doors again. Then, to lend force to his words, he turned and strode out of the room, thereby completely defeating his own ends. For in the ensuing vote there were six for one name and half a dozen for the other, and the issue had to be decided by the flip of a Spanish dollar. It came down heads, and the old name was preserved. Mr. Giasson, true to his word, never returned to the fold, although there must have been times when passing along St. Paul street on a snowy winter's night, and hearing the bursts of laughter and song and the crash of crockery emanating from the City Tavern, he wished with all his heart that he was back there dancing among the wine glasses on the table. Possibly remorse for his hasty action preyed heavily on his mind. . . . At any rate, almost exactly a year after his resignation, he died. And out of respect to his memory, his fellow members were requested to suspend their medals for that festive evening on black ribbons instead of blue.

In the fall of 1807, the City Tavern having changed hands, an arrangement was made with



Top: Simon McTavish, head of the North-West Co., who joined the Beaver Club in 1792, occupied this house on St. Jean Baptiste Street from 1786 until his death in 1804. It was disfigured a few years ago, as was the old North-West Co. store, by a brick top story. (Courtesy E. Z. Massicotte.) Second Row, left: Another view of the McTavish house. Right: A building at the corner of Ste. Therese and Vaudreuil Streets bought by Joseph Frobisher in 1796. In 1815 it was the North-West Co. storehouse. John Jacob Astor appears to have leased from Sir John Johnson part of the building farther down the street (beyond the drain pipe) for a storehouse and lodging during his annual fall trips to Montreal. Note the peak which formerly protected the pulley for hoisting fur bales. Third row, left: Wm. McGillivray with his wife and child, from the original oil by Dulongpre. (Courtesy De Lery MacDonald, Esq.) Right: An engraving of Montreal about 1807, from a drawing by Richard Dillon. Beyond the fortified mound known as the citadel is St. Helen's Island, whence the view of 1781 was taken. (Courtesy Chateau de Ramezay.) Fourth row, left: The Masonic Hall Hotel, later the British American, where the last dinner of the Beaver Club was held in March 1827. (Courtesy Chateau de Ramezay.) Right: Two pages from the rare Rules and Regulations of the Beaver Club, 1819—the only proof that the great Simon McTavish was a member, as his name was omitted from the list of members in the minutes for 1807. (Courtesy McCord Museum.) Opposite page: Place d'Armes, Montreal, in 1807, by Richard Dillon. His "Montreal Hotel," where the club met from 1807 to 1815, is shown at the corner of St. James Street, behind the object that looks like a sentry box. Old Notre Dame Church on the left. (Courtesy Chateau de Ramezay.)

10

In Voyage to the Interior.	Year of Admission.	NAMES.	
1770.	1787.	J. B. Tabeau	dead
		Josiah Bleakley	
	1789.	Patrick Small	dead
	1790.	Nicolas Montour	dead
		Venance St. Germain	
		Leon St. Germain	dead
		Jos. Howard, sen.	dead
	1791.	John Gregory	dead
		And. Todd	dead
		Jacque Giasson	dead
	1792.	Simon M'Tavish	dead
	1793.	Myer Michael	dead
		James Grant	dead
		Isaac Todd	
		Wm. Gillivray	
		Sir Alex. M'Kenzie	
	1796.	Angus Shaw	
		Rod. M'Kenzie	
	1799.	Duncan M'Gillivray	dead
		Geo. Gillespie	
	1801.	Jacques Porlier	
	1802.	Alex. Cuthbert	
	1803.	Alex. Fraser	dead
		Simon Fraser	
	1807.	D. Mitchell	
		Thomas Thain	
		Lewis Crawford	dead
		D. Mitchell, jun.	dead
		Peter Grant	
		Alex. M'Dougall	

11

In Voyage to the Interior.	Year of Admission.	NAMES.	
1793.	1807.	Pierre de Rocheblave	
		John Forsyth	
		John Richardson	
		John Finlay	
		Ewen Cameron	
		Wm. M'Kay	
	1808.	John Johnstone	
		John M'Donald	
		A. N. M'Leod	
		Alex. Mackenzie	
1783.	1809.	John Wills	dead
		Charles Chaboillez	dead
		Alex. M'Kay	dead
		J. D. Campbell	
	1810.	John Sayer	dead
	1813.	James Hughes	
		Kenneth M'Kenzie	dead
	1814.	Archd. M'Lellan	
		Geo. Moffatt	
		W. M'Crae	
		Henry M'Kenzie	
	1815.	Jasper Trough	
1793.		J. M. Lacombe	
		F. A. La Rocque	
		Thos. M'Murray	
		Robert Henry	
		J. W. Dease	
		Charles Grant	
	1816.	David Stuart	
	1817.	Wm. Henry	

Richard Dillon, proprietor of the Montreal Hotel on Place d'Armes, and the dinners continued to be held there until the spring of 1815. Dillon was one of the local characters, who had come to Canada in the retinue of Lord Dorchester. He was intensely loyal, and on every national occasion he used to set off fireworks in the square to celebrate whatever was to be celebrated. He was also an artist of no mean talent, as the accompanying sketches of Montreal denote. His hotel is described by John Lambert, who stayed there in November 1808, as superior to any in Canada; so it is only natural that those "hyperborean nabobs," the Nor'west partners, should have chosen it as the scene of their revels.

At each dinner, five toasts were regularly proposed: (1) The Mother of All Saints; (2) The King; (3) The Fur Trade in All Its Branches; (4) Voyageurs, Wives and Children; and (5) Absent Members. After that, everyone was permitted to drink as he pleased and retire at his pleasure; but, considering that the bill for the evening was divided equally between all those present whether they drank a little or a lot, one may surmise that the Scottish members at any rate did not leave early. As a truly Canadian touch, the calumet was lit and passed from mouth to mouth, and after "the officer appointed for that purpose had made a suitable harangue," the serious drinking began, accompanied by "the animated Song of the Voyageur." John Palmer, who visited Montreal in 1817, wrote that at the Beaver Club dinners the Indian manners, customs and language were closely imitated, and that the members generally stood, although visitors had the privilege of sitting. One is inclined to believe, however, that, even if these niceties were observed at the beginning of the evening, the most conscientious members soon gave way under the strain.

Bryce, in his "Lord Selkirk" gives a very fanciful description of a Beaver Club meeting, to which voyageurs and servants are admitted, and at which all the members seat themselves in a row on the carpet and pretend to paddle a canoe "with tongs, poker, sword, or walking stick." What they would be doing with swords on is hard to imagine. He also describes the luxurious appointments of the club house, a building which unfortunately never existed.

For a typical Beaver Club dinner no better choice can be made than that of September 17, 1808, except that most of the guests were invited by the club instead of by individual members and that it was held in the season of open water. The page from the minute book, in the handwriting of the secretary, Joseph Frobisher, shows that the meeting was held at the Montreal Hotel and was attended by eleven members, two honorary members, and nineteen guests, many of them now famous.

The president—or, as we should call him, the chairman—was Joseph Frobisher, then in his sixty-ninth year. The vice-president was Alexander Henry the Elder. Cork was William McKay, a Nor'west partner recently retired from the fur trade and brother of Alex. McKay who was later murdered on the *Tonquin*. Captain Clerk, an officer of the local garrison, had lately been made an honorary member. The next eight on the list were most of them well known fur traders: William McGillivray, James McGill, Isaac Todd, Josiah Bleakley, John Gregory, George Gillespie, Roderic McKenzie, and Thomas Thain; and the last was another honorary member, Captain Alex. Patterson, of one of the Company ships, the *Ewerctta*.

On the side of the guests comes first General Drummond, who had recently superseded General Isaac Brock in command at Montreal, and who also succeeded him as administrator of Upper Canada; Sir John Johnson, Bart., superintendent-general of Indian Affairs; and Colonel Sheaffe, who took the command from Brock at the Battle of Queenston Heights. Towards the bottom of the list are four other well known Nor'westers, all of whom became members of the club during the next few months: John McDonald (spelt McDonnel), of Garth; Archibald Norman McLeod; Alex. McKenzie, cousin of Sir Alexander Mackenzie; and the ill-fated Alex. McKay himself. Then, in the middle of the list, the man who became the most famous of them all—John Jacob Astor, of New York. Astor was on his usual fall buying trip to Montreal (he had been coming up for at least twenty years) and, as he had incorporated the American Fur Company the previous April with the object of diverting to New York much of the American trade which hitherto had come to Montreal, it may be imagined that the Montrealers, especially those like Todd and McGill who were concerned with the southwest trade, were anxious to show him every attention.

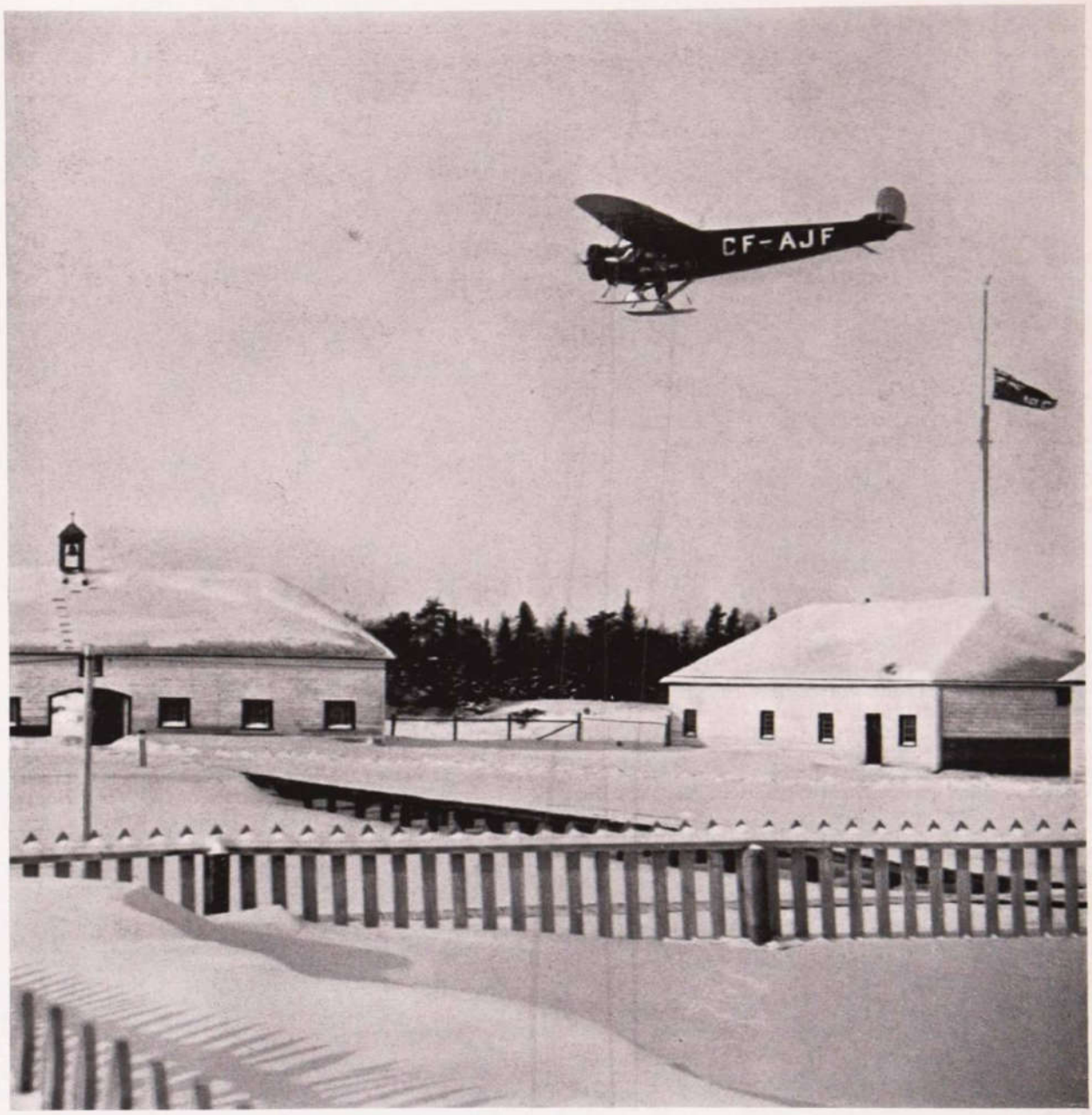
Thirty-two men in all; and between them, as Mr. Dillon's bill shows, they did away with twenty-nine bottles of Madeira, nineteen bottles of port, fourteen bottles of porter, twelve quarts of ale, and a little brandy, gin and negus; while breakages consisted of only three cheap wine glasses. Compared to the Bacchanalian revels recounted by Colonel Landmann, this particular party pales into the insipidness of a service club luncheon, yet the consumption of wine and beer was far above the average for the Beaver Club of those days. We can well imagine the three original members present shaking their heads together over the distressful fact that drinking wasn't what it used to be when they were young.

Several other famous men were present at the Beaver Club dinners during the forty-odd years of its existence. Lord Selkirk is presumed to have attended one of them during his visit to Montreal in 1803, when he was royally entertained by the Nor'westers, and when "his enquiries were readily answered by these gentlemen, who withheld no information which could gratify the liberal and useful researches of a noble traveller." They were destined to rue their generosity in this respect; but modern historians tend to the belief that he had no ulterior motives in making these extended enquiries, which eventually proved so useful to him and so disastrous to his erstwhile hosts. General Brock was asked by Frobisher to dine with the club in March 1808, shortly after his appointment to command of the Montreal [*Continued on page 64*

Norway House

Photographed by Bassett, Associated Screen News

SNUG, comfortable Norway House, the old cross roads of the old North. Eighty years ago it was the great distributing depot, and countless thousands of tons of merchandise passed through its warehouses. From England, by way of York Factory, came powder, shot, guns, knives, kettles, blankets and cloth destined for Athabasca, the prairies or Northern British Columbia. From the interior came furs for Europe pressed down into ninety pound bales. Norway House meant reunion for men of the fur trade and a brief interval of rest for those who toiled at the oars of the York Boats.



In the coldest week in January 1936, H. R. Bassett, photographer of Associated Screen News, Montreal, went to Norway House by airplane. The pictures on these pages are a few of the things he saw while the temperature hung between thirty and fifty-five degrees below zero. It is a solitary place in winter now, and the buildings no longer house the boisterous apprentice clerks, or the carpenters, blacksmiths and boatmen. Norway House is just another post, busy in summer with the selling of merchandise and the outfitting of prospectors, for, if it is no longer the cross roads of the North, it is an important stepping off place into Manitoba's share of the pre-Cambrian shield.

When the Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land met at Norway House in the summer of 1854, with Sir George Simpson presiding, the commissioned officers arrived by express canoes from Chipewyan, from Edmonton, and Fort Garry and there were five hundred men about the establishment. This summer it will not be quite so busy, but the roar of airplane engines will shatter the silences of Little Playgreen Lake every day and a lot of freight will move across the wharf. The steamer from Selkirk will arrive with freight and a handful of curious tourists, and the visitors and the Indians will gaze at each other with mutual curiosity (if the mosquitoes are not too bad). While the winter clamps down on Norway House things are quieter: trappers or resident Indians to trade, the twice weekly mail by plane, an occasional dance at the nearby Rossville settlement, or a tractor freighting job to a mining camp and, of course, the daily routine of store-keeping set the tempo of life at Norway House. Through prosperity and depression life goes on, though fur prices, reported by radio, are important and the settlement has found a new interest in recent years in the fluctuations of mining stocks. Gold fever never swept Norway House as it has some northern communities, though there is a constant undercurrent of interest in prospects and strikes, and a new jargon has come into existence so that men now talk in technical terms of mines and mining machinery.

Norway House was established in 1814 and ten years later it assumed the proportions of an important depot. The names of Kennedy, Robertson, McGillivray, McLeod, Ross, Stewart and Sinclair are part of the story of Norway House. Those explorers, scientists, hunters and travelling clergymen who paused at Norway House on their way to or from the North and went home to write their books have all recorded a warmth of the welcome which never failed. Even today a solitary cameraman, arriving at fifty below zero and crawling out from among the mail bags, muttering harsh expressions about the Great North Land, is still welcome at Norway House.

Northern Shipwreck

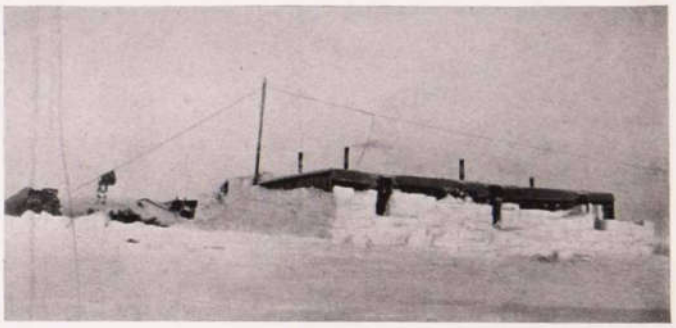
By R. H. G. BONNYCASTLE
Manager Western Arctic District

In 1931 American Airmen from Nome, Alaska, Flew Their Wheel-Equipped Machines to the Ice and Snow of the Arctic Ocean to Rescue Marooned Fur Traders from the Company's Supply Ship Baychimo Which Had Been Caught in Arctic Ice

Above: The first party climbs into the wheel equipped machine to leave behind the ice-locked "Baychimo," just visible in the distance.

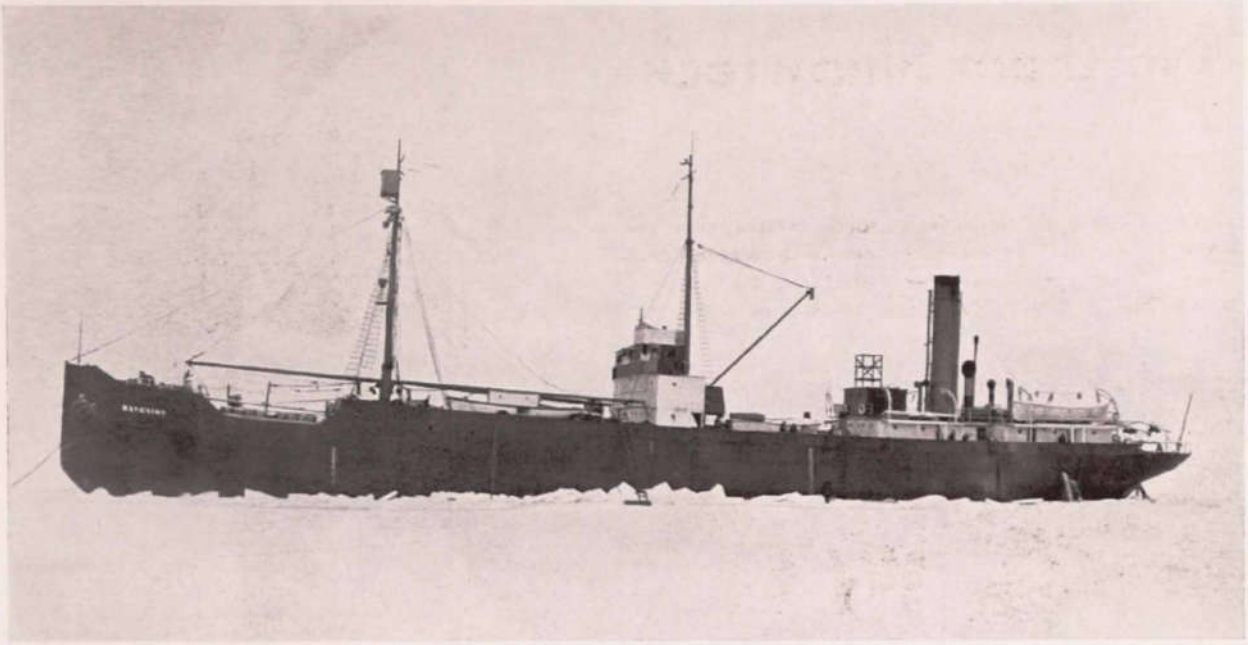
Right, top: The "Baychimo" frozen in solid and the ice rafted and broken by the pressure of wind and tide.

Upper centre: Leaving the ship, a picture reminiscent of the ill-fated Franklin expedition of last century.



Lower centre: Breaking through the strip of grounded floes to open water on the morning of September 22nd.

Below: The cabin built by Captain Cornwell and his men, with hatch covers, tarpaulins and lumber torn out of the lining of the vessel, in which they spent the winter of 1931-1932.



The "Baychimo" shortly before the storm which carried her away.

"By Radio from Nome, Alaska,
9th October, 1931.

"Hudson's Bay Company,
S.S. *Baychimo*, Point Barrow.

"Can send three heated cabin planes carrying eleven passengers and three hundred fifty pounds baggage. Round trip twelve hours flying time. Runways should be sixteen hundred feet clear paralleling wind for capacity loading. Advise start early account changeable weather. Can give fast service but must have decision soon, also length runways available and date ready.

(Sgd.) Northern Air Transport."

It was an excited group which eagerly deciphered this message in the office below decks on the *Baychimo* as she lay imprisoned in the great ice pack near Point Barrow, the most northerly point of the North American continent.

After delivering supplies to the Hudson's Bay Company posts in the Western Arctic district the stout little vessel, owned by the Company, left Herschel Island on September 13th with thirty-nine aboard homeward bound for Vancouver. She was the last ship to leave the Arctic in that severe ice year of 1931.

Point Barrow was reached with difficulty in five days through four hundred miles of scattered ice, and we all felt a great sense of relief on rounding this point and shaping our course for the southward. But this was short lived. Proceeding only a few miles we found the sea blocked tight with heavy ice floes and were obliged to drop anchor in a lead off the little Alaskan village of Barrow and wait for favourable winds to drive the heavy pack away towards Siberia and allow us to make our way down the coast. The weather was very wintry.

On September 21st a light breeze sprang up in the east. Eagerly we watched the barrier to see if the wind was strong enough to shift it. Towards evening a thin black line appeared half a mile out and paralleling the shore. This widened almost imperceptibly, indicating before darkness fell that the great pack was beginning to move. We retired to bed with revived hopes. At dawn, except for a narrow strip of ice still hemming us in, there was no sign of the great pack which had stretched as far as eye could see the day before. Breaking through the strip of grounded floes which the wind had been unable to move, we steamed south at full speed.

In the night, with a crash and a shudder, we came to a full stop. We were once more barred by the pack and again obliged to drop anchor and await favourable winds. The ice lay solid from the shore far towards Siberia, the only open water being to the northward. Day after day passed with westerly winds pressing the ice against the land. When it did veer to the east there were only light breezes insufficient to move the pack, whose floes were gradually becoming cemented together with new ice. The lake of open water in which we lay soon froze over and we were able to scramble over the side of the ship and relieve our feelings with much needed exercise. The Scotch sailors produced a football. Goal posts were erected on the smooth new ice and everyone had some welcome recreation. But our eyes kept wandering to the funnel, hoping to see the smoke streaking to the westward under the force of an offshore wind.

Natives with dog teams came out from the shore, distant half a mile, and shook their heads over our chances of liberation.

After tea on October 8th, while a football game was in progress, a black line appeared in the middle

Another picture of the fur-traders loading into the planes to fly out to Nome.

A daily job before hope was abandoned of getting free—clearing the ice from the propeller blades.

of the field. The watchers from the ship did not grasp immediately what this meant, but with the crunching of ice along the ship's side we soon realized the pack was pushing all before it towards the beach. Evidently a westerly gale was blowing far out to sea and no power on earth could stem the force of the ice when on the move. The footballers rushed for the side of the ship and clambered aboard, while everyone put together a few belongings and prepared to get ashore over the ice if the ship should cave in like an egg shell under the enormous pressure. However, after rafting the new ice and ruining the football field, the big pack grounded on the bottom and further movement ceased; but we slept with our clothes on, ready for any sudden move.

Meantime we were in touch with Winnipeg and London by wireless and had made tentative enquiries for aeroplanes from Nome, six hundred miles to the south, in case the worst happened. It was decided that if the ship were permanently imprisoned half the passengers and crew should be flown south, while the other half should stay by the ship to man her the next summer. October 10th was to be the dead-line. If there were no sign of release by then preparations would be made for winter and a makeshift cabin erected on the shore in which to pass the long winter. Men could not live aboard the steel ship, which it would be impossible to heat, but they might live snugly on shore close by.

We hopefully radioed several aeroplane companies in Alaska, by no means certain they could help us as this was the in-between season, when planes operating in the Canadian North would be tied up while changing over from pontoons to skis and waiting for the freeze-up to become general and ice solid, not only in the far North but at their bases whence winter operations would commence. We knew that the smooth ice on a lagoon behind the shore near the ship would make an ideal landing field for skis, but were afraid that at Nome, far to the south, lack of snow and ice might not allow a take off with this winter equipment. The message quoted at the outset of this story set our fears at rest in this respect, if only we could get good flying weather.

On October 14th came another message: "Planes in Kotzebue tonight. Have passengers on field at 12.30 on fifteenth. Planes will return Kotzebue at once. Advise Barrow of weather early. (Sgd.) Northern Air Transport."

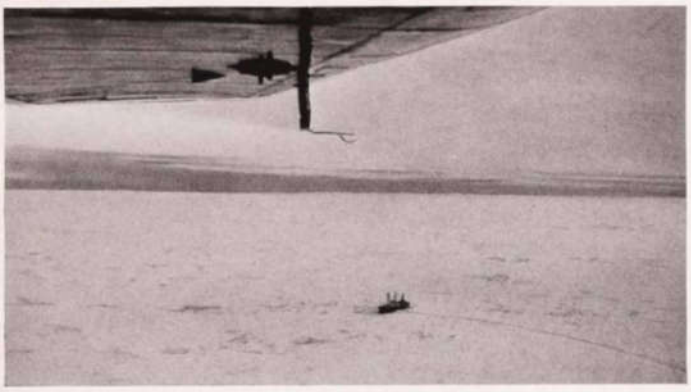
Great excitement prevailed. The 15th dawned dull with poor visibility, anything but good flying weather. We had dinner earlier than usual, though not actually expecting the fliers that day. Instead of getting out on the marked out landing field at 12.30 we paced the deck. At exactly the appointed hour, however, a keen sighted watcher sighted two black specks far to the southward, and a great shout went up. Then two trim planes circled the helpless *Baychimo* and flattened out to perfect landings on our frozen airport.

We broke all records to cover the mile between the ship and the planes, and soon Pilot Vic Ross and Hans Mirow and their Stinson monoplanes were surrounded by an eager crowd. To our amazement their machines were equipped with wheels! The Nome airport was bare of snow and the fliers had flown over six hundred miles of precipitous mountains, open sea and snow covered barrens with wheel equipped landing gear.

No time was lost in transferring gasoline from four-gallon tins in the cabins, and in scarcely more

Above
Left: High over the mountains of Alaska en route for home.

Right: The "Ghost Ship of the Arctic" and the winter cabin.



Good bye, "Baychimo."

than an hour engines were turning once more. The first seven passengers shook hands with the rest of the ship's company and climbed into the trim ships. Throttles were opened, the big birds moved forward, gathered speed and rose from the ice.

After circling our former home we headed away for the south with no time to lose to reach Kotzebue before dark, three hundred and fifty miles distant. It was a race with gathering darkness, and the lamps of Kotzebue twinkled ahead of us before we came over the village and made a neat landing on the field behind. We were safe. The rest was easy. There remained only a short flight of two hundred and fifty miles to Nome and a ten-day voyage on the *Victoria*, last steamer of the season from Nome to Seattle.

But what of the others? Those brilliant Pilots Ross and Mirow made two further trips to the ship. They were tied up with blizzards, made forced landings, met and overcame all kinds of difficulties, but they got through somehow and landed twenty-two men at Nome in time to take sail for Seattle before the close of navigation. These flights over that country, under winter conditions, to within fifty miles of the northernmost tip of North America rank with the finest northern flights made.

Captain Cornwell and fourteen men stayed by the *Baychimo*. They built a makeshift cabin on the beach half a mile from the ship with hatch covers, tarpaulins and lumber torn out of the lining of the vessel, and denned up in it for five months with the cheerfulness of British sailors under adversity.

In November came a great three-day gale, during which no one dared poke his nose outdoors. When it was over the *Baychimo* was gone, evidently buried under a million tons of ice which had piled up over her anchorage. But she was not finished yet by a long way. An Eskimo runner reported her drifting north safely imbedded in the centre of a big ice pan. And so she drifted far away into the Arctic night. During the next two years, however, she put in several appearances near the Alaskan coast, inextricably fastened in the ice, and, though last sighted in the fall of 1933, is still known as the ghost ship of the Arctic.

In March 1932 the same Pilots Ross and Mirow rescued Captain Cornwell and his men, flying them to the rail head in the interior of Alaska. Thus ended safely and happily the most modern of the many instances of fur traders being shipwrecked.

The rugged topography of Baffin Island at Lake Harbour at the south end of the island. Right centre a

Intimate Glimpses at Eskimo Life in Baffin Island

By J. DEWEY SOPER
Chief Migratory Bird Officer for the Prairie Provinces,
National Parks Branch, Department of the Interior, Ottawa.

THE Eskimos have a singular appeal to the imagination. Through their gradual adaptation to a peculiar environment over a long period of time, they are now virtually confined to the treeless regions of Arctic lands. No other humans on earth habitually inhabit so harsh a region, nor follow a destiny of such strange highlights and shadows. Yet despite this, or because of the rigours and simplicity of primitive existence, no one can deny they are the happiest people we know.

On Baffin island they have now been in more or less regular association with whites for about seventy years. In this time it is but natural that they have experienced great changes in economic conditions and in outlook.

One may say that the purely primitive Eskimo is gone. Notwithstanding that they are even yet but a few generations removed from the stone age, with its flavour of great antiquity, alterations have been comparatively rapid with the introduction of modern merchandise and appliances. While their mode of living is in some ways scarcely distinguishable from that of their primitive ancestors, they are nevertheless as sensible of the need of many of the products of today as the white man himself. Part of that advancement which the latter has obtained for himself through centuries of groping, laborious striving and invention has calmly descended upon the Eskimos like a special dispensation of fortune.

There can be no disputing the fact that life has been made easier. Once it was the strenuous use of such old-time weapons as lance, harpoon, bow and arrow; today it is the modern repeating rifle, which has completely revolutionized the art of hunting. The change has softened some of the harshness of necessity and rendered a little less difficult a life of constant striving and deprivation, though not enough to destroy that precious heritage of love of labour, independence, and self-reliance. That they still live more or less primitively with these virtues is good. And, too, light and pleasantness has been shed in many dark corners. Who is not impressed with

A Baffin Isl
Youngster

the Company's white post buildings, and to the left may be seen the tents of an Eskimo encampment.

The First of Two Articles on Baffin Island Eskimos by Mr. Dewey Soper, Who, in Addition to His Great Knowledge of Birds, Is an Expert on the Life and Manners of the Most Northerly Race in the World.

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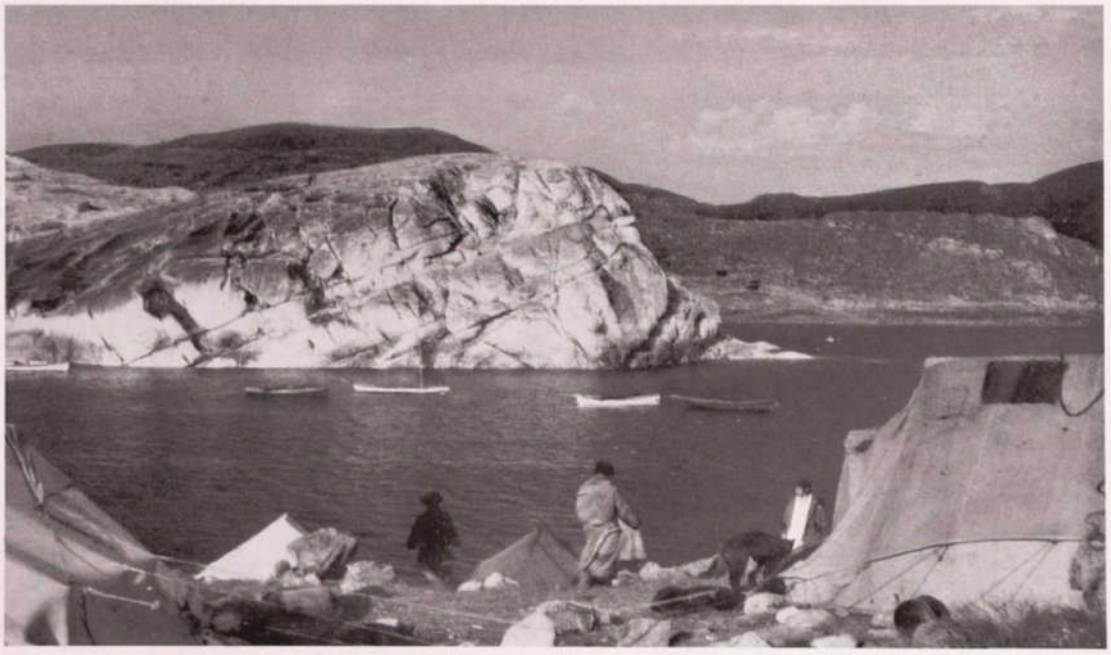
the singularity, even incongruity, of phonographic strains of music—jazz, hymns, comic songs, and sparkling gems from Chopin and Beethoven—rising cheerily from those primitive abodes on the lonely shores of the polar sea? A simple, happy, contented people. Humble enjoyment dwells there, if not full appreciation; and the seasoned traveller, having won their confidence, is struck by the craving for increased knowledge of the many things they observe and so often only dimly understand.

The present day dwellings of the Eskimos are substantially what they have been in the past, though now many are acquiring, by trade in fox skins, canvas tents for summer use. The sealskin *tupik* is however still more or less universally used and serves as well, except that it is bulkier, heavier, and therefore less portable on an inland journey; but on long treks into the interior afoot, engaged in only by the hardier hunters, no shelter of any kind is taken.



The Eskimo encampment at Lake Harbour. Photos on this page by Max Sauer.

Skins for *tupiks* are almost invariably those of the common and widely distributed ringed or jar seal (*Phoca hispida*). Sealskin tents, however, are not confined to summer use, but are employed by a large number of families throughout the winter, the structure being covered with moss or heather to a suitable height above ground and then banked with snow. With two large *kudliks* burning steadily, this provides a very comfortable shelter. *Tupiks* are oval in shape and vary in size from those a few feet in diameter, suitable for two persons, to more pretentious affairs that will accommodate six or eight. An elevated sleeping platform is customarily provided in winter dwellings, but in summer the occupants often sleep upon caribou mats directly on the ground.

In many parts of Baffin island the snow *igloo* is the typical form of winter residence, and among nomadic groups is the only form of shelter used. It undergoes some modification from place to place, such as the employment of a sealskin, old cloth, or canvas lining, but the unadorned snow structure is more commonly in use for the colder months. It has the advantage that it may be quickly abandoned, and with a minimum of household effects a family may travel quickly and easily to another hunting locality and there erect a new home of snow blocks in the course of a few hours. A periodical change of location is salutary, for behind them is left the accumulations of weeks in exchange for a site of virgin cleanliness. A small nomadic group of Eskimos who lived about Nettilling lake in 1925-26 dwelt in small snow *igloos* after the most primitive fashion. Except that these people owned rifles, together with a few articles of civilized manufacture, their daily existence appeared to be not a whit different from that of their ancestors. They moved frequently from place to place to hunt caribou, with small sledges and dog teams, leaving a little deserted village of dirty snow houses behind them as a monument to their hardihood and strenuous activity. In every instance these *igloos* were supplied with windows of clear fresh water ice, facing the south, a feature that is not now often observed in many parts of the island. The Foxe peninsula Eskimos, however, still commonly use it, especially at Andrew Gordon bay and Nuwata.

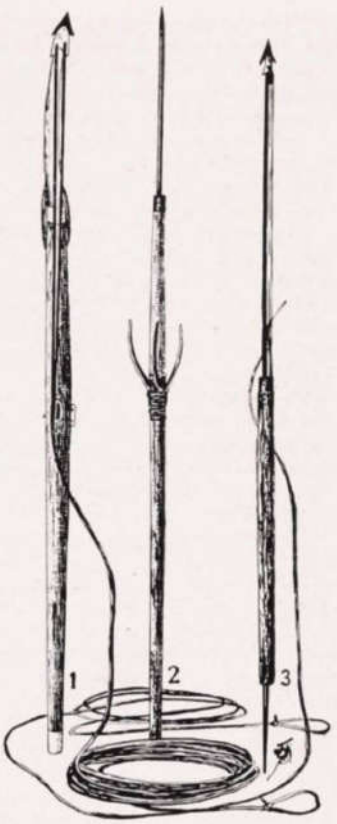
In active winter travel the small round snow *igloo* is universally adopted—a new one for every "sleep." A couple of active men can construct one in from a half to three quarters of an hour. Though frigid and cramped in appearance, they constitute an unqualified blessing to men of the long trails. Some white men upon entering the country take a violent dislike to the snow house, but common sense and practical experience eventually overcome prejudice, and it is then regarded at its true value. When well built, it is wind proof and, with a seal oil lamp, quite comfortable, and easily the superior of any type of canvas tent for zero weather tripping. In nothing is the ingenious adaptation of the Eskimo to his unusual surrounding more clearly protrayed than in the use of the seal oil lamp and snow house.

The former development really calls for special comment. As wood in the true Arctic is practically or entirely absent, a special method had therefore to be devised by the Eskimos to secure fire regularly for warmth, light and cooking. The *kudlik*, or seal oil lamp, was the outcome; it utilizes the fat of the seal for fuel—obtained from the same animal which supplies the chief article of diet of most of the natives of the region. The abundant fat of the animal may rightfully be regarded as a by-product of the hunt, for the Eskimos do not habitually eat "blubber," as some story books would have us believe. But they do prize it for a very practical end, and in so doing display some of that originality for which they are justly celebrated. The *kudlik* is a shallow dish-like receptacle of soap-

A seal, one of the most important factors in Eskimo life, supplying food, fuel, light, shelter, boots, lines of every description, summer clothing and even some crude implements.

stone, straight on one side and crescent shaped on the other. On the straight edge the wick is placed, which consists of down from the catkins of the Arctic willow (*Salix*), cotton grass or finely pounded or rubbed sphagnum moss, which is commonly distributed over the Arctic tundras. The women gather sufficient quantities of this material in the fall to last all winter, but should they run short, more can be secured by digging down through the snow in proper localities. To start this strange lamp a piece of pounded or melted blubber is deposited in the dish-like hollow and then a wad of well pulverized moss, saturated with oil, is placed on the straight edge of the lamp and evenly distributed there. With fire applied and the wicking properly trimmed, it produces a bright hot flame somewhat akin to an ordinary kerosene lamp. It is quite free from smoke, though not from a certain slight odour characteristic of Eskimo abodes; when one is accustomed to it, however, it is not in the least objectionable.

The whole arrangement of the *kudlik* is simplicity itself, while it has a wide range of usefulness. Not the least of its benefits is the drying of socks, mittens and other articles of clothing during the long winter, which promotes greatly increased comfort, efficiency, and a reasonable insurance against frost-bite. The cheer and comfort which it imparts to an otherwise dreary snow *igloo* in the coldest part of the Arctic winter is not the least of its remarkable qualities. By its use, for example, it is not uncommon to raise the temperature of a snow house well above zero



1. Heavy duty walrus harpoon as used by Baffin island Eskimos.

2. Bird spear with lateral prongs thrown with a spinning motion.

3. Sealing harpoon with ice chisel at rear end of the shaft.

Above: Midwinter igloo of an Eskimo family. Door leads to the outer vestibule, with the living quarters at the rear. Note the rifle with the other hunting equipment on the roof, and the sealing harpoon stuck in the snow. Right: A late winter igloo at Lake Harbour, Baffin Island.

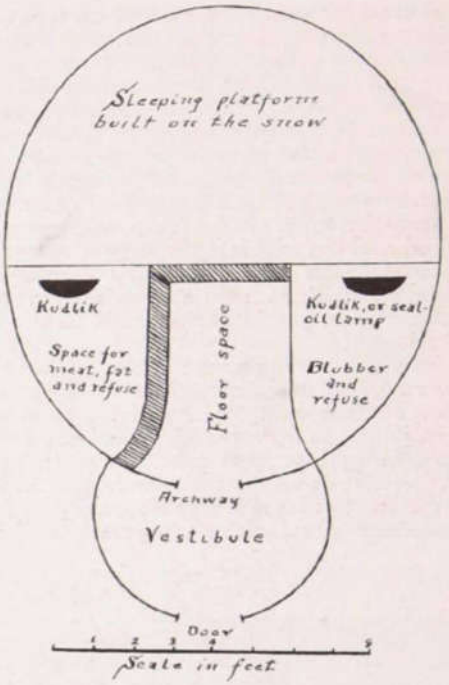
when 40 or 50 degrees below prevails in the open.

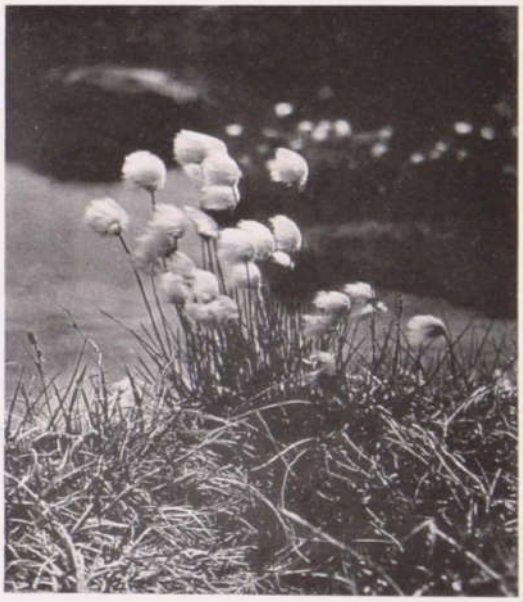
On caribou hunting expeditions into the interior, the Eskimo relies on certain forms of vegetation for fire, of which the commonest is the white heather (*Cassiope tetragona*), called by the Eskimos "Keyukta." When dry it burns rapidly, making a

hot fire with great volumes of black smoke, while the green plant burns readily when mixed with the dried. Its chief drawback, from a white man's viewpoint at least, is its greasy sootiness on cooking utensils and its fleeting combustibility, which demands almost constant stoking. The Eskimos also use the Arctic Labrador tea (*Ledum palustre*)—which provides a quick hot fire, but is local and very often scarce—together with much inferior plants, such as mountain avens (*Dryas integrifolia*) and purple saxifrage (*Saxifraga oppositifolia*). The small dead branches of the several dwarf and prostrate Arctic willows make excellent fuel, but they are normally so scarce on Baffin island that they may be disregarded as a dependable source of fuel. The white heather is the old standby. Yet over large areas of the island none of these fuel plants are to be found; so then at times the hunting parties are obliged to dispense with fire and subsist entirely on raw meat and marrow. The great tundra west of Nettilling lake is an example of a fuelless region.

Dogs and sledges are universal possessions of the Eskimos of Baffin island. Their usefulness—in fact, their indispensability—covers a period of about eight months of the year. Without them the natives would experience almost insuperable difficulties. With the aid of his dogs the hunter can travel quickly from place to place and even move his family and worldly goods to remote game districts with comparatively little effort. Seals—the common staff of life—are almost always hunted at some distance from home at tide-rip, or floe-edge, and frequently at distances of ten to fifteen miles. Without dogs the problem of game transportation would be a serious one indeed. Depending largely on the food supply and to some extent on the character and individuality of the hunter, native teams may vary in number from four or five to fifteen or even twenty dogs. For heavy freighting and very extensive travel a team of fourteen dogs is ideal, but an Eskimo can well do with less, as he seldom faces the requirements of an explorer on long journeys. In the best game districts, barring epidemics, dogs are more plentiful, robust, and better pelted than in poorer districts. Cumberland sound, for instance, is noted for its dogs, and also its game, and incidentally and significantly constitutes the greatest resort and breeding area of the ringed seal (*Phoca hispida*) known in the whole eastern Arctic.

The sledge as used by the Baffin island Eskimo varies in width from fifteen to twenty inches, and in length from eight to fourteen feet. The runners are ordinarily two inches thick and from six to eight inches deep. Forming the top of the sledge are spaced cross-bars from three to six inches wide attached to the runners by seal thong or cod line. These bars protrude a little beyond the runners, and round their notched ends the rawhide lashing line is passed to secure the load. No screws or nails





Top: Diagram showing the ordinary plan of an Eskimo snow house. Centre: Arctic cotton plant, the bloom of which, together with the soft sphagnum mosses of the tundra, is used for wicks of Eskimo lamps. Left: An Eskimo fish spear, handled with great skill in the taking of Arctic char. The side pieces are made from flexible caribou antler and spring laterally in the nature of a gaff.

Lake Harbour encampment with the Company buildings in the rear. The modern boats are typical of the progressive Eskimos.

are used in the construction of a sledge, except for the attachment of the bone or steel shoeing. This permits the necessary resilience in passing over rough ice or uneven ground without placing undue strain on vital parts. Such a sledge, when well constructed, will support a load of more than half a ton and at the same time successfully withstand incredible shock and abuse for an indefinite period.

Another remarkable expedient of the Eskimo is their treatment of sledge runners to reduce draught. In the old days sledges were universally shod with whalebone, but steel has now commonly come into use. Whalebone, however, offering less surface resistance under load pressure, is employed when available. In sub-zero weather, especially at very low temperatures, the severe draught on the dogs caused by friction of the naked steel with the grit-like snow is overcome by the Eskimos in an unique manner. The sledge or *komatik* is turned bottom up so that ready access is gained to the bearing surface of the runner. Blood of the seal, previously secured for the purpose, is taken into the mouth until well warmed and fluid; then the operator, bending low, accurately ejects it from the lips in a thin stream the full length of the runner; the naked hand follows deftly to smooth it into a thin even film before its almost instant congelation. In a few minutes this is firmly frozen, when a film of ice is applied in the same way with water. This trick very greatly reduces the draught on the teams with heavy loads at low temperature. During periods of extensive travelling and heavy transportation the ice-film operation is required every morning.

In Baffin island the Eskimos hitch their dogs to the sledge by means of long individual single traces, which centre in a long bridle of heavy sealskin attached about three feet to the rear of the forward end of the runners. This arrangement is known as "the fan," in contradistinction to the method of single file hitch used in the forest and referred to as "the tandem." Both methods have their advantages and drawbacks. But beyond doubt the Eskimo fan hitch is the superior of any other for the open treeless regions of the Arctic. By this method the dogs are free to spread out and choose the best footing in general travel, and there can be no doubt in rough difficult climbing, or while on thin or broken ice and on detached floes of open leads, the fan hitch ranks supreme. The traces, which come singly from the middle of the back of each dog, vary in length from twelve to twenty or even thirty feet beyond the bridle end. This differential arrangement in trace length permits the dogs to do their best work without becoming bunched in rocky defiles or in narrow lanes between ice hummocks at sea. Notwithstanding the general merits and ingenuity of the system, it possesses two unavoidable faults; one arises in rough ice when the dogs scatter and become trace fouled over projecting pinnacles of ice, and the other is the necessity, every few hours, of clearing the traces, which become plaited rope-like from [*Continued on page 64*

Albany River Adventure

By MARTIN K. BOVEY
Concord, Mass.

Photographs by Winthrop Brown

Long Before the Incorporation of the Hudson's Bay Company Radisson Claimed to Have Travelled Down the Albany River, Being Possibly the First White Man to Reach the Bay Overland. His Account of What He Saw Caused the Birth of the Company. Mr. Bovey Tells Us of a Modern Canoe Journey Down the Famous River, a Journey Which Seems to Have Lost None of Its Thrill.

EITHER you have it or you haven't: that passion for poring hour after hour over maps, planning trips to far places, mostly trips that you know full well you'll never make. "Map dreaming" I call it, and to me it is more fascinating than any other form of day dreaming.

To many of my friends who go in for "map dreaming," map means the page in the atlas labelled Equatorial Africa or the South Pacific Ocean or South America or merely the British Isles. I turn always to the sheet labelled Dominion of Canada, or pull from an over-stuffed drawer the latest geological survey map of the Churchill river or the aerial survey sheets of northern Ontario labelled Lake St. Joseph, or Miminiska, or Armstrong. And then, with study floor and desk fairly littered with maps, I guide my pencil down rivers thundering toward the north, over lakes rock rimmed and walled with spruce, over muskeg portages of any length from two chains to twice as many miles. Long past midnight I stumble up to bed to dream of running the Nine-Mile rapids on the Abitibi or shuffling behind a dog team across the wind swept surface of God's Lake.

Most of the journeys that we map dreamers make are made in our easy chairs, but now and then the Red Gods' call proves too strong for the ties of daily life. Then for a time our blood runs free and we live to the full.

Last spring the Red Gods called, luring me down a mighty river to that inland sea haunted yet by the ghosts of Henry Hudson and the brave men who died with him. There were hectic months of preparation; then the train ride from Boston to

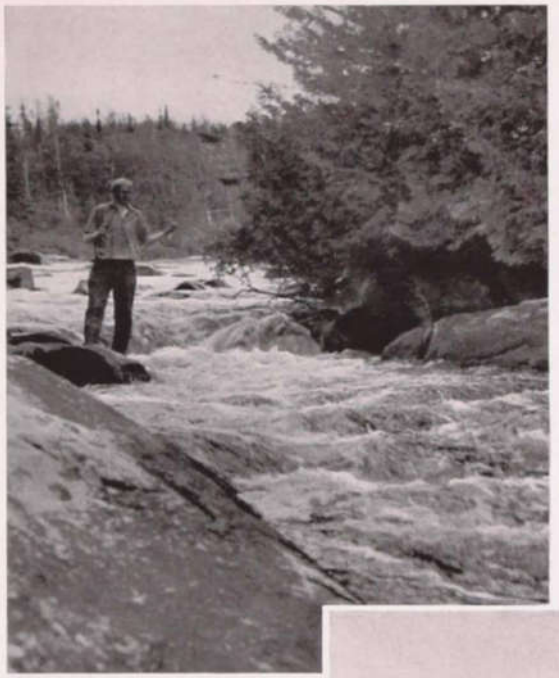
Montreal and west to Savant Lake, Ontario; a long day during which we packed the grub boxes in the Hudson's Bay Company's store managed by Mr. R. J. Mousseau; and at last, incredible though it seemed, we were off.

There were eight of us: Brewster Breeden and Donald Forbes, newly graduated from New England preparatory schools; Winthrop Brown and Holden Gutermuth, undergraduates at Harvard University; Edward Hall, not long out of Harvard; two guides—George Carey, sent to us from Moose Factory (*our* ultimate destination) by Post Manager W. R. Cargill, and Joe Gagnon, of the Nipigon, known to me as a canoe man of parts, a master raconteur of lusty tales and suspected of being descended, by way of some hot blooded *coureur de bois*, from one of the favourite chefs of Louis XIV—and myself.

It seemed impossible that we should be able to stow all our outfit and the eight of us in two canoes. But somehow we managed it, for these were not the canoes to which we were accustomed. These were freighters of the kind used for transporting trade goods to the far-flung outposts of furland. Our eighteen footer had a beam of forty-four inches and was capable of carrying 1600 pounds; our nineteen footer was fifty-one inches broad and good for 400 pounds more. We dubbed the smaller one the *Lily Pad* and, falling easy prey to the snares of modern advertising, christened the larger the *Normandie*.

We shoved off from the rocky shores of Chivelston lake, pointed the prows of our craft north toward the Albany river, down which my pencil had for so many years traced an eager course to the bleak shores of Hudson Bay. Eight paddles flashed in the morning sun, then ceased to flash, for before we seemed fully embarked Chivelston lake had ceased to be. Before us, somewhere down a rocky trail through the spruce, lay Harris lake. According to the map the portage was forty-two chains, whatever that meant.

It meant, we soon learned, two hours of torture that made tales of the Spanish inquisition sound like accounts of a lawn fete. We had heard the words "tump line" or "portage strap" many times, had indeed rolled the lovely sounds from our own lips in telling head-shaking friends of our plans for a completely insane vacation. Now we were to learn what it meant to fit the broad head band of one of these instruments of the devil over our foreheads, to feel the pull on unknown neck muscles of the fifty or seventy-five or hundred pounds of dead weight that George or Joe had hoisted onto our unwilling backs, to stagger down a trail strewn with logs and moss covered rocks, to wade boot-top

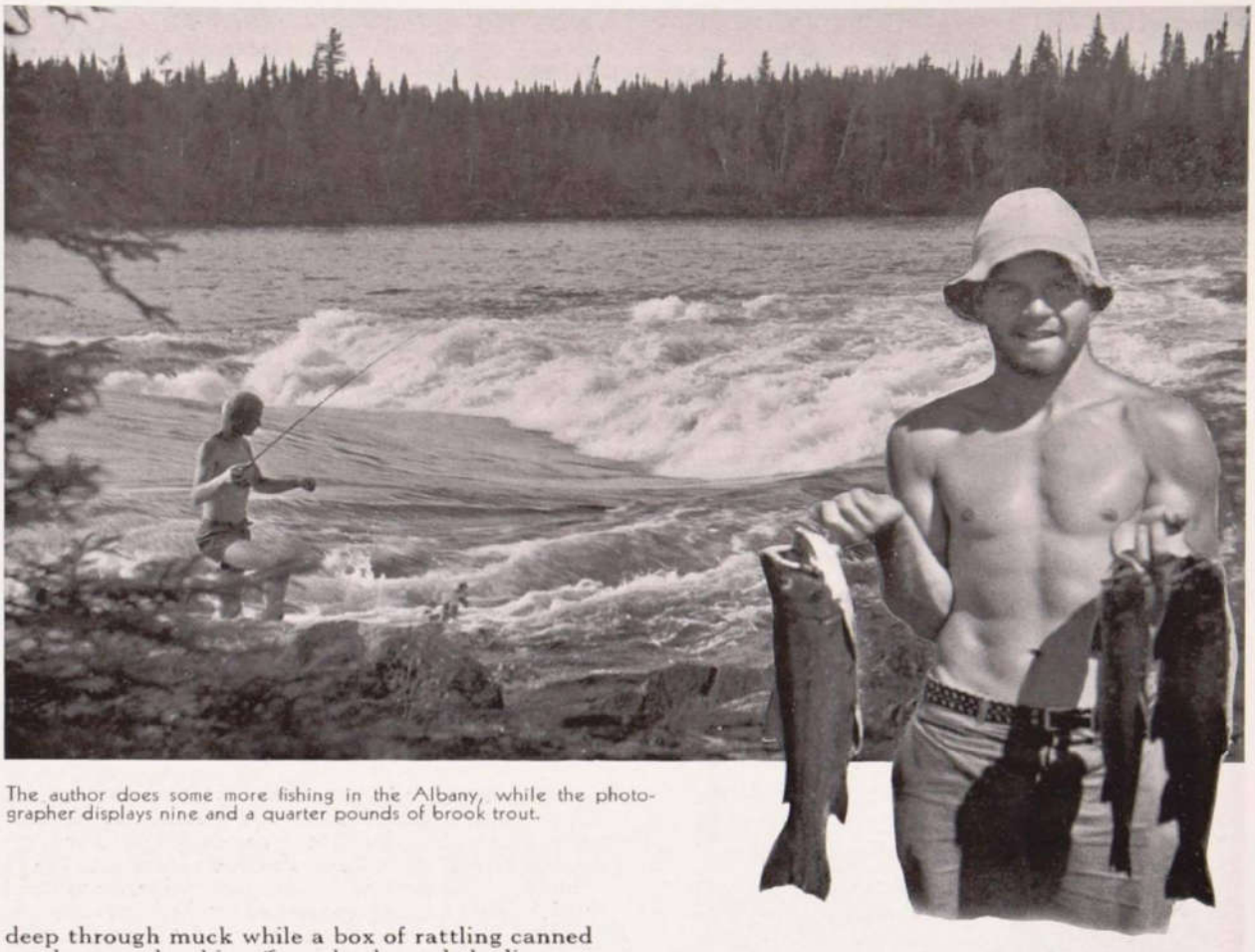


The author fishing in a small channel of the Albany river.

The two canoes running a rapid on the Albany river. Breeden in in the bow of the second canoe is taking a moving picture of the first canoe.

Opposite Page

A campsite on the Upper Albany river.



The author does some more fishing in the Albany, while the photographer displays nine and a quarter pounds of brook trout.

deep through muck while a box of rattling canned goods wore the skin off our backs and the line cut into our shoulders.

Our third portage was over a mile long. Before the two canoes, all our equipment and our 760 pounds of grub were at the far end of it, we had each made three or four round trips. Our muscles still rebelled at the unaccustomed strain; it rained during most of the time we toiled on this carry; and, since it was early July, the mosquitoes were very busy.

But as we moved slowly yet steadily northward over sparkling lakes and down two small rivers, we became gradually more physically fit, and by the end of the first week, when we reached the Albany, we were approaching efficiency. A portage was no longer something to be dreaded, and on the Savant and Pashkokogan rivers we had learned from our guides the rudiments of handling a canoe in white water.

Indeed, as we paddled across the east end of Lake St. Joseph and beached our canoes on the sand before a cluster of red roofed white buildings, over the largest of which was a black sign whose gold letters read, "Hudson's Bay Company," we felt like veterans.

With some temerity we asked Post Manager Hughes if there were an empty storehouse in which we might sleep. It would be pleasant, we thought, not to have to bother with tents.

Ten minutes later Joe was cooking supper over a fire built from wood from the Company's woodpile, and the rest of us were bombarding Mr. Hughes and Clerk Wilson with questions while we rolled out our eiderdowns on the floor and counters of the store. Later there was a gathering in the manager's house, at which Mrs. Hughes plied us with ham sandwiches, while Mr. Hughes and Wilson flipped the caps off innumerable beer bottles.

Not soon shall we forget our visit to Osnaburgh House!

On the Savant and Pashkokogan rivers we had tried our fly rods on wall-eyed pike. One night, using a big white fly, we had stood by our campfire at the foot of a rapid watching an eclipse of the moon and caught ten pike in not many more minutes. Now at last we were coasting down the Albany, and sooner or later a trout would rise to our flies. Two days below Lake St. Joseph it happened, in a lovely pool in the midst of an S-turn rapid. Gutermuth was fishing; Joe coaching him and standing by with a landing net; George and I

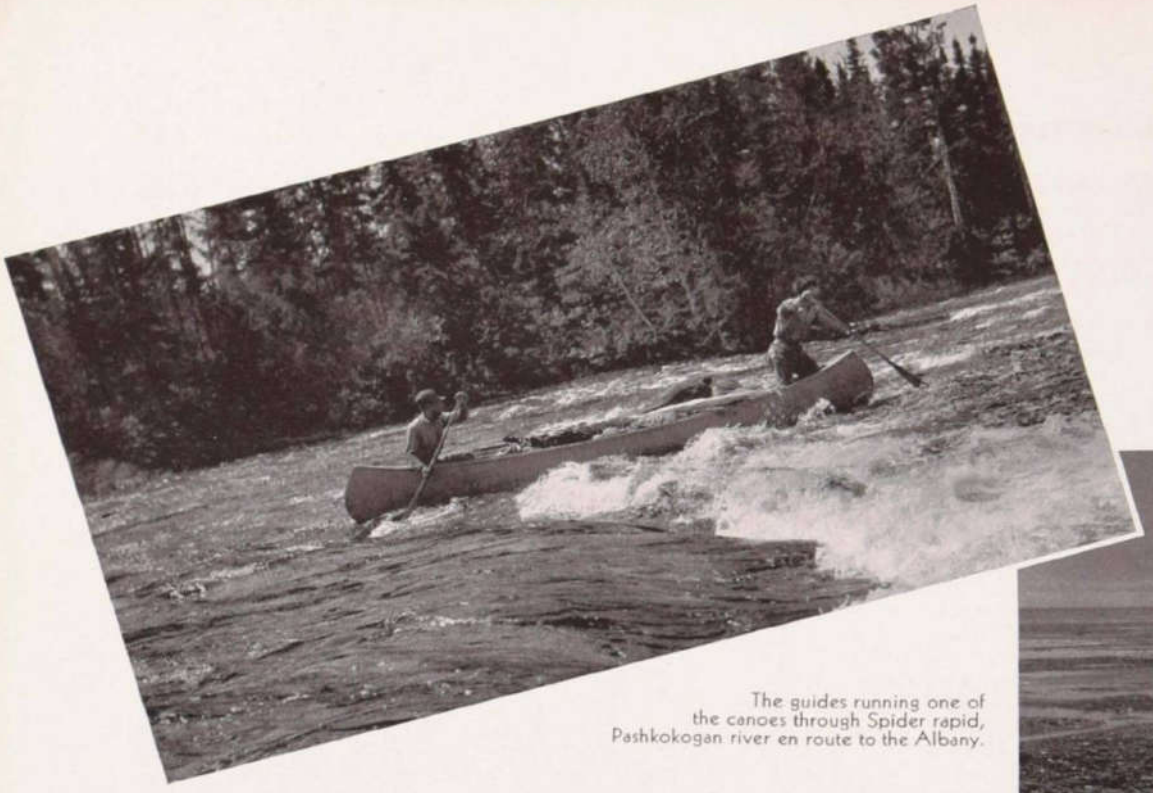
were running the *Normandie* through the rapid. Above the rush of the water I heard Joe's shout of triumph: "A trout! A big trout!" I turned, forgetting the work at hand, to see Gutermuth's rod bent double and the grin on his face. Then a cry from George brought me to my senses to find that I had failed to check the swing of my stern at the right moment. Now it was too late, and in the midst of the rapid we spun completely around. It was a lovely moment for Joe: trying to net the fish while doubled up with laughter at the mad course of the *Normandie*, The patron saint of fishermen forgave me, and the *Normandie* looped the loop without hitting a rock, but George's opinion of me as a canoe man fell to zero.

For twenty days we were on the stretch of the Albany that offers trout fishing. We travelled much too fast to have time for anything like careful fishing, and as none of us—not even our guides—had ever been on the Albany before, we did not know the spots most likely to prove productive. Furthermore, the almost daily thunder squalls, which on the Albany watershed rival in intensity those produced on the moving picture lots of Hollywood, raised the water to levels far above normal and washed untold quantities of food down to the fish. Worse still, our water thermometer registered a steady rise in the temperature of the stream. Before long we were getting readings of 70 to 72, and discovered that the fish were hiding away in the deep cool holes or gathering at the mouths of the small feeder streams that brought colder water out of the muskegs. Over miles of lovely water we cast our flies in vain. Then in the highly oxygenated water of a fast rapid or at the mouth of a tiny cold stream we had fishing such as we had never before experienced, and feasted at dusk on trout baked to perfection in our reflector oven by the incomparable Brother Gagnon.

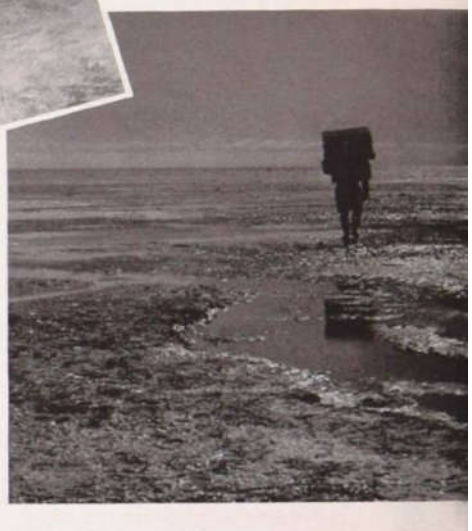
In a rapid near Kagami island, Winthrop Brown, photographer-in-chief, had a field day with the trout. From a piece of water that one could cover with a blanket he took four fish that weighed $3\frac{1}{4}$, 3, 3, $1\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. Then we reminded him that Ontario allows one but ten pounds of brook trout per day.

With poles and tracking line we fought our way up the Misehkow, found three old Indian portages, and, running rapid after rapid, came racing down the Greenmantle and Shabuskwia to regain the Albany twenty-five miles below where we had left it. These lovely little rivers were in a veritable state of flood, and we found no trout; but up on the Cedar Ed Hall and I were rewarded for hours of arduous poling. There, at the mouth of a tiny trickle of muskeg water that registered but 58 against 72 for the water in the Cedar proper, we found a fisherman's paradise. We took turns fishing and operating the movie camera, and at the end of an hour we had enough three pounders to feed our entire party for two days and a reel of movies that

The "Lily Pad" on Savant Lake.



The guides running one of the canoes through Spider rapid, Pashkokogan river en route to the Albany.



sends me to the attic for my fly rod and out the door to practise flinging a line across a lawn two feet deep with snow.

Gradually we were improving our canoemanship, and as we slid down the ever widening river our work in the rapids grew better. We were learning how to pull and pry from the bow to execute a quick turn to avoid a rock, how to check the stern after the turn is well started so as to keep the canoe straight with the current. We had many thrilling rides through angry water, and once, at the foot of Petawanga lake, Joe and George ran the *Normandie* through a very heavy rapid while I perched on a box amidships handling the moving picture camera. As we pushed off the current gripped us as though an arm of steel had seized us. We were drawn at breath-taking speed down a path of sliding silver, swirled to the left around a bend studded with knife-edged rocks, and shot, as from a giant's bow, into a maelstrom of stormy water. In front of me George slid from the thwart onto his knees, his paddle bending as he pulled toward the less tempestuous water of the southern shore. Behind me, I knew, Joe too was on his knees fighting to hold our stern against the fury of the current. His voice, hoarse and tense, cut through the surging thunder of the stream. "Keep on balance, boy! Keep on balance!" My legs swung wide, toes pressing against the sides of the canoe. And then, sighting through the finder of the camera, feeling the canoe bucking beneath me like a bronco, I knew that we were in the worst of it. A great yellow fanged roller rose before us, and the *Normandie* sprang at it as though leaping at the throat of an adversary, sprang at it and through it, and the sound of crashing water filled my ears and water soaked me to the skin, trickled into my eyes, as the *Normandie* staggered under the blow. Then she lept clear, only to fling herself forward again and bury herself in another snarling monster. This time I thought she would never shake herself free, would go down for good under the yellow chaos. But up she came, rolling crazily under the shifting weight of water that sloshed about inside her. Let her but get a hairbreadth out of line with the surging current and she would roll over like a sporting dolphin. George and Joe knew our danger, were equal to it, as they held her, like a tugging racehorse, straight down the course.

When we came ashore George was grinning, Joe laughing. I looked at them amazed and knew them for a pair of super-rivermen.

At Triangle lake we left the Albany to call in at Fort Hope, where we spent two nights as the guests of Mr. Donaldson, of the Hudson's Bay Company.

When we moved on down the river through Frenchman's rapid and the beautiful stretch that ends at Marten's falls, eighty miles below. Of the five hundred miles of the Albany, no part of the river seemed to us to equal the sheer magnificence of this section, where the cameraman went into ecstacies at such breath-taking spots as Kagiami falls and Slippery Rock portage, and the brothers of the angle enjoyed splendid fishing.

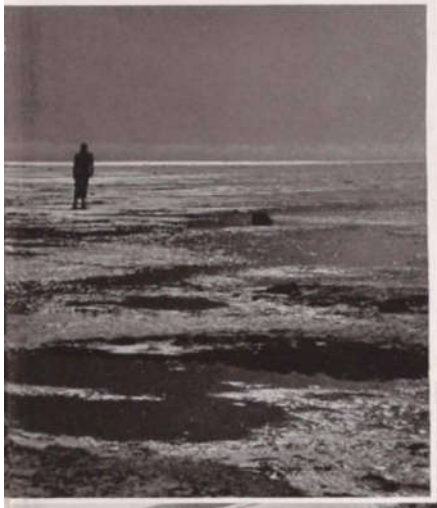
We came, at the mouth of the Ogoki, to a small and isolated Company post, and presented Mr. Mathieson with a newspaper we had bought in Montreal. It was weeks later than any he had seen.

Mr. Mathieson had a roomy dwelling house, and as his wife was out on a holiday he offered us beds for the night. Far into the night we tossed about in the unaccustomed softness. At last Brown and Breeden spread their blankets on the floor and slept like babes.

At eight-thirty we were on our way. The last portage was behind us, though we were still three hundred miles from the Bay. By six o'clock a fair wind and a strong current had carried us sixty miles. We went ashore for supper, then, just as a full moon climbed out of the east, we pushed off again. We had talked many times of drifting all night down the lower Albany, and surely this was the night for such an adventure. Paddling easily we slid swiftly down the mighty river. Twilight gave way to the darkness. The river changed from soft grey to jet black cut by a path of quivering silver. The sound of rushing water grew louder. A rapid? We proceeded cautiously. The noise seemed to come only from over near the south shore; was caused, we concluded, by a single rock or a small sandbar. We held to the northern shore, and the sound fell astern, then died away.

Slowly a similar noise came toward us, increased in volume. This time there was no concentration of sound. The tumult stretched from shore to shore, filling the night. We found bottom with our paddles, got our poles ready. Our pace quickened. In

[*Continued on page 65*



Portaging out to meet the tide on the James Bay coast just north of Moose Factory.

Osnaburgh House Post, H B C.

The party, lacking Photographer Brown. Front row (left to right): Forbes, Carey and Gagnon. Back row (left to right): Hall, Breeden, Gutermuth and Bovey.

A recent photograph of Walter Gilbert at controls of a plane.

Coppermine on the Arctic Coast from where the flight began.

Wings Over the Magnetic Pole

By E. GREEN
Winnipeg

The Zenith of Achievement in Northern Aviation Is the Flight Made in an Old Plane by Walter Gilbert Over the Magnetic Pole. The Log, Which Is the Basis of This Article, Makes No Reference, in a Region with No Meteorological Service, to Hazards of Storm, Ice and Fog, the Fear of Which Alone Would Rule Out Such a Venture for the Ordinary Earth-Bound Mortal.

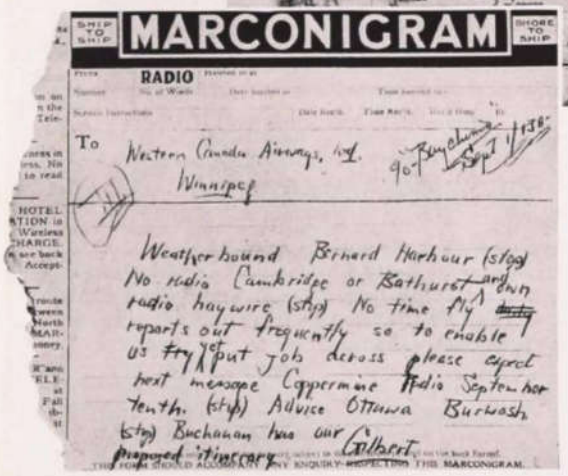
ON August 10th, 1930, the inhabitants of Fort McMurray, Alberta, saw an airplane attempting a takeoff, but paid little attention to it. It was just another plane "going north," and that was all there was to it. So much for history in the making.

The next day, however, the same plane with a new "prop" roared off the water and took the air. It was quickly followed by another machine. One plane was piloted by "Punch" Dickins, the other by Walter E. Gilbert, both of Canadian Airways.

The destination of those planes was the Coppermine. Gilbert was to go via Fort Norman, while Dickins went via Fort Rae and Hunter Bay. Had this been the end of the trip there would be little to speak about, but Gilbert was to continue from there and fly Major Burwash and party, not by known routes, but over the North Magnetic Pole.

Gilbert's log for August 14th reads:

"Very low clouds, some rain. Clearing at noon, so took off for Hunter Bay after an unsuccessful attempt to 'work' CKW on 22 metre wave length. Passed 'Wop' May off mouth of Bear River. Ceiling Norman to Bear River 1000 feet, gradually rising. Bear Lake, a clear cold blue bathed in pale sunlight, already taking the feel of winter. Heavy white fog banks at entrance to Hunter Bay. At 2000 feet hills behind Hunter Bay were clear cut from fifty miles away, off McVicar Bay. Reached Hunter Bay, finding Dickins with machine S-M and two R.C.A.F. machines under Fleet Lieut. Maudesley. Spent night at Hunter Bay, and owing to the heavy oil consumption of S-N decided to switch planes, so changed photographic door to S-M."



MARCONIGRAM

SHIP TO SHIP — SHORE TO SHIP

RADIO

To Western Canada Airways, Ltd. Winnipeg

90- Bay Chimo Sept 1 1930

Weather bound Bernard Harbour (stop) No radio Cambridge or Bathurst and radio haywire (stop) No time fly ~~duty~~ reports out frequently so to enable us try get off job dease please expect next message Coppermine Radio September tenth. (stop) Advice Ottawa Burwash (stop) Buchanan has our ~~Gilbert~~ proposed itinerary

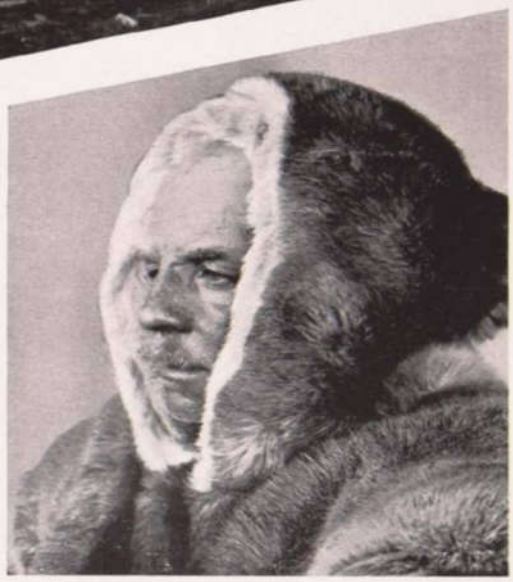
The map which Gilbert carried on his flight on which may be seen the markings of his route to and from the Magnetic Pole. At the left is Gilbert's carbon copy of one of the radio messages he sent out.

The next day, August 15th, things began to happen. Gilbert's log shows: "Departed .0915 hours for Coppermine. Lake glassy. Takeoff difficult with full tanks. Low clouds at 1000 feet from northeast, but visibility good. Made Fort Hearne in one hour and twenty minutes. Across the height of land visibility was good at 3500 feet. Transferred equipment to S-M and Dickens left for the south."

We now come to what amounts to a story in itself, but it has little part in this tale, so we will pass it with a brief mention.

On the bleak shores of Dease Point a machine, S-K to be exact, lay exposed to the Arctic gales. She had been there eleven months, having been abandoned by the McAlpine Party the previous year. The plane was on shore just clear of the water and had been splashed with salt spray and

The veteran aeroplane which was used on the flight.



Major L. T. Burwash of the Department of the Interior in charge of the party which made the flight. The object of the flight was to search for Franklin relics and a visit to the north Magnetic Pole.

seared with the hot sun of the extremely short summer. Many would have regarded the salvage of this plane as a hopeless task. But let us read Gilbert's log.

"Proceeded east to Dease Point after refuelling with borrowed N.A.M.E. (Northern Aerial Mineral Explorations) gas at Fort Hearne. Fifty-mile area of fog and rain off Cape Barrow. Weather otherwise good. Much drifting ice and fog in straits northeast of Melbourne Island. Located S-K without difficulty at mouth of east fork Dease River. Landed and taxied ashore, making camp after inspecting aircraft.

"Put five gallons of oil and ten gallons of gas in S-K. Engine started at first attempt. On account of greasy mud flats, S-K taxied easily into sea. Made fast alongside S-M. Tide less than three feet here; good bottom. S-K not leaking."

A footnote is given when Gilbert writes: "About 25 Eskimos came down from their camp about three miles up river. Haunted us all night. Very curious. No privacy for us that night."

The next morning dawned cold and there was a low ceiling. Half of S-M's gas was transferred to S-K and both ships took off for Cambridge Bay.

Fuel now became a problem as the gas caches at Cambridge apparently had not been arranged for.

Lunch, however, was more important for the time being, and the Hudson's Bay Company post manager at Cambridge did the honors. He did more than that; he provided the aviators with four barrels of naphtha and three gallons of heavy oil. Thus fortified, they hopped off again, crossing Kent Peninsula and arriving at the Coppermine just ahead of a bad storm from the northwest.

Saturday, August 16th, found Gilbert storm bound at Coppermine as a heavy northwest gale whipped rain and sleet down in a wicked smother. Entertainment was at hand however, for the Hudson's Bay Company ship *Baychimo* was there.

The storm raged all that day, and in the evening Gilbert went aboard the *Baychimo* for supper. While there he radioed a message out telling his company of his arrival.

On August 17th the weather abated a little and Gilbert went aboard the *Baychimo*. Here he radioed again, but received no reply. He then assisted Buchanan in his departure with S-K. The veteran ship headed south.

When S-K was out of sight Gilbert turned to the more serious task. He must now prepare his ship for the hazardous flight over the Magnetic Pole.

On August 18th Gilbert loaded the equipment for the Burwash party. He serviced his plane and

made ready for the takeoff. Under wide open throttle the machine sped across the water. Jets of spray spumed behind in the cold light and the plane came up on her "step." At that instant the engine coughed and dropped 100 revs. Gilbert closed the throttle at once and noticed smoke pouring from No. 8 exhaust. He taxied slowly ashore. Investigation showed that No. 8 cylinder had blown a piston. There was much grit and dirt in the oil strainer and the cylinder walls were badly scored.

Northerners, pilots or otherwise, are never stuck. Gilbert went aboard the *Baychimo* and sent radio messages out to Winnipeg and Edmonton.

Modern science proved its worth. The message was received on short wave station CJRX in Winnipeg, 1400 miles away, and rebroadcast to Hunter Bay on Great Bear Lake, about 150 miles from Gilbert and the *Baychimo*, where it was picked up by Dominion Explorers Limited station. Stanley McMillan immediately hopped off with a spare cylinder.

Meantime Gilbert continued to dismantle and examine his engine. He discovered another piston cracked around the flanges or ring lands. He took out the fractured piece and smoothed the rough edges with a file.

McMillan arrived and the piston and cylinder were fitted. Gilbert breathed a silent prayer and hoped his makeshift job on the other piston would stand up long enough to permit him to get to Hunter Bay, where he could obtain either a new engine or a new set of pistons. Disaster dogged him. After one hour test run on the ground and a further twenty-five minutes in the air, a knock developed in the engine which necessitated Gilbert taking steps to secure assistance.

On 24th August he radioed Winnipeg via the *Baychimo*, courtesy of N.A.M.E., to Bathurst Inlet. He then got his disabled machine ashore on greased skids and stood by.

"Punch" Dickins received Gilbert's message. He packed the spare parts aboard good old S-K, the gallant machine that had never yet let a pilot down. Buchanan was ordered to fly the spares to Gilbert and turn over S-K to him.

S-K is without a peer in world aviation annals. It seemed born to the North, for when it left the Fokker factory it was brought to Winnipeg and made a charter flight to Eskimo Point before the engine had time to cool. "Punch" Dickins flew it straight across the Barrens, the first plane in history to accomplish this feat. It was the first on almost every air trail in the vast North. On a single flight alone it completed 9000 miles of aerial exploration with nothing more than gas and oil service. It was used in the survey of the prairie mail routes. Almost every important charter party demanded S-K. It was so when Col. McAlpine took his party in and when the colonel abandoned the machine at Dease Point the fault was not S-K's. The most obliging airplane cannot go far without gasoline.

With this old war horse Gilbert would try the polar flight. He didn't wait any longer than it took to load the plane, and then hopped off for Bernard Harbour, where he would pick up Major Burwash and his party together with their equipment.

August 26th found Gilbert standing by at Bernard Harbour, awaiting the arrival of the *Baychimo* with Burwash and his party. The wind had shifted to the northwest and there were low clouds with an ever-present threat of rain.

For five days Gilbert waited at Bernard Harbour. The temperature was falling and the wind was rising. Rain showered down incessantly. At

A Netselingmuet man from King William island.

"Oojuk," a Netselingmuet from the Boothia peninsula on which the Magnetic Pole is situated.

12.30 p.m. on August 31 Gilbert noted the wind had veered twenty degrees to the southeast and the sky was overcast with low clouds at 1500 feet. The *Baychimo* was sighted.

On September 1st a heavy sea was running, and the skipper of the *Baychimo* clung to the shelter of Chantey Island as the seas were too heavy to permit him to run for the harbour. On the approach of evening the wind dropped slightly and it was possible to discharge freight from the *Baychimo* with lighters. During this time Gilbert dispatched a radio message to Winnipeg via the *Baychimo's* wireless. The radio operator also reported hearing Buchanan over his own radio set as he sped southward.

At 02.30 hours the *Baychimo* sailed, leaving Major Burwash and his party ashore. All the equipment was checked and next morning the flight over the Magnetic Pole was to take place.

On September 2nd however the wind had risen to forty-five miles per hour. There were low clouds carrying a trace of rain. The temperature was plus 45 degrees F. Later in the day the wind velocity increased to fifty miles per hour, whipping heavy seas into white froth. Sleet fell in sullen squalls. The well known vagaries of northern weather were apparent. The wind dropped toward the evening but the temperature promptly followed it.

September 3rd dawned clear and cold. A few minutes after dawn fog and rain obscured vision. A light sea was running and the glass stood at 30. At noon however the wind shifted south and clouds rose. A temperature of plus 36 degrees brought no prospect of immediate flight. Snow flurries blotted out objects a short distance off.

September 4th promised better chances. At 6 a.m. a southwesterly wind drove the high cirro-stratus clouds before them. The barometer remained steady at 29.94 and, with a prevailing temperature of 42 degrees, Gilbert decided to try a flight; so he warmed his motor, loaded his passengers and took off.

High above Bernard Harbour Gilbert took his bearings and turned eastward to Cape Krusenstern. As the barren country sped below, Major Burwash and his staff took photographs of the coastline. Over Cape Krusenstern the party turned north to Cape Lady Franklin and then east to Cambridge Bay.

The Royal Geographical Society islands mentioned in the log.

Gilbert's report of this epic flight is terse and to the point. It states: "Photographed Bernard Harbour to Cambridge Bay, including detail of Bernard Harbour and several panoramic shots over Gulf Islands *en route*. Light poor to Richardson Island, then fair to Cambridge Bay. Arrived Cambridge Bay 12.30 hours."

After lunch at the Hudson's Bay post at Cambridge Bay, Gilbert took off again and headed across Queen Maud Sea. Cambridge Bay was photographed from the air.

After crossing Queen Maud Sea, Terror Bay, King William Land was sighted. Photographs were taken from the air and a southeasterly course laid for Peterson Bay, which was reached at 18.00 hours (six o'clock).

Peterson Bay, shown on the charts as Goja Haven, afforded a good camp site for the night. Gilbert made out his flight report: "Weather good throughout day except isolated banks of high fog at 2000 feet. Considerable ice at Royal Geographical Society Islands and north. Fog over King William Land — North of Terror Bay. Temperature, Peterson Bay, 20 degrees F., barometer 29.80."

After spending the night at Peterson Bay, Gilbert took observations next morning and noted the wind was northwest and the glass was rising. During the night the temperature dropped below freezing point, but at daybreak the mercury rose to thirty-five degrees.

At this point Major Burwash requested that Richard Finnie, Jr., F.R.G.S., be carried around King William Land as a passenger. Mr. Finnie was taken aboard and the flight started.

Gilbert's terse report on the actual flight to the Magnetic Pole reads: "Took off at 10.20 hours. Proceeded north to North Magnetic Pole. Arrived at Magnetic Pole, 12.30 hours. Weather clear to Matty Islands except low clouds over King William Land at 2000 feet. Some fog over King William Land and cloud banks over Boothia. Dense fog from Cape Alexandria north in all directions. Photographed site of Magnetic Pole and then turned southwest for Point Parry, where resumed photo traverse to Cape Felix. Fairly dense fog across Ross Strait, and Cape Felix also shrouded in dense fog. For fifteen miles the whole offshore sea solid packed floes with open floes to north and west. Off Wall Bay fog clearing and open leads in ice. Photo-

[*Continued on page 66*

H B C Listens In

Radio Preferences and Habits Were Checked Up and Some of the Conclusions May Astonish You. Dance Music and News Are High Favourites and Some Prefer Concerts But the Wise-Cracking Boys and the Amateurs Are in Vogue as Amos and Andy Fade.

THE purpose was to find out some clues to the radio listening habits and preferences in western Canada. We considered that the men and women working for the Hudson's Bay Company were good typical western Canadians; although most of them were city dwellers, there were enough fur traders to represent the far off places.

A questionnaire was prepared and sent out asking eighteen questions. If everyone in the Company's service had answered, we would have received 3,675 of the forms. The extreme North was ruled out by reason of time. In the end, after much pressure we got back 2,608 questionnaires. People not owning radios did not bother to send in a form.

Our entire experience in getting the questionnaire filled was surprising. It had been felt that here in the Hudson's Bay Company was a group who would be easy to reach and who, as employees, would be under some obligation to answer the questions fully and promptly. But it was quite difficult and we were obliged to go back in some places again and again in order to get anything approaching a representative result. It came as a sharp reminder how clumsy and unrepresentative most "customer surveys" must be if they depend upon the good nature of the public to answer.

However, we got to work on our 2,608 answered questionnaires and found that our H B C people were in family or household groups totalling 10,998 persons. This was encouraging. It came in answer to the question, "How many radio listeners are there in your household?"

We found a surprising number of short wave sets: Out of 2,608 sets 577 were short wave.

We asked, "Which do you usually listen to, Canadian or American stations?" A loose question, but designed to make for easy answering. The replies gave 440 radio sets were usually on Canadian stations, 1,136 on United States stations, and 1,032 divided between the two.

"Who are the sponsors of your favourite programme?" This was getting down to brass tacks, we hoped, but 632 ducked the question and did not answer, but 758 came flat-footed for Jello and Jack Benny. This put wise-cracking and dance music in preferred position. Chase & Sanborn's Major Bowes came second with 562. General Motors came third with 190, but it was not specified whether the choice was for the U.S. General Motors concerts or for the Canadian hockey broadcasts. Our guess is that it was the latter. Pebeco's Eddie Cantor came fourth, with 160 and the Canadian Radio Commission fifth with 112. Other interesting counts were: Town Hall with Fred Allen, 90; Palmolive, 98; Firestone, 66; Ford, 62; Campbell's Soup, 50; Amos & Andy, 45; Home Gas (Vancouver), 49; Hudson's Bay Company (various local programmes from retail stores), 33; Jergens, 21; Italian Balm, 36; Lady Esther, 51; March of Time, 29; Bayer's Aspirin, 24; Real Silk, 20; Royal Gelatine, 20; Standard Oil, 35; Vicks, 25.

It is apparent at once that the sponsor gets tangled up in many minds with the programme. It is one of the unsolved puzzles of radio technique to find the point at which the entertainment overshadows the sponsor.

The next question we asked will be objected to by radio stations: "What merchandise has radio advertising ever sold you?" The promoters of radio advertising maintain that the power of repetition of brand names must have an unconscious influence upon a customer confronted with a wide range of competitive merchandise. Still, we believe the question is a fair one. Here are some of the results: 535 reported having purchased certain cosmetics and toiletries as direct result of radio advertising. Of these purchases, 252 were tooth paste and 129 face cream or lotion. Under foods, 538 reported radio persuasion and the lion's share, 198 bought jellies and desserts, and coffee 129. All other sales reported were insignificant beside these, though one man said radio advertising had sold him a car and 16 radios were sold by the air route. Sixty-four specified soap powder and 27 salts.

Probably the most significant information we secured came in answer to our question, "What type of programme interests you most—Reporting of sports, dance music, news and editorial, comedy acts, concerts, drama?" Everyone was asked to put down 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., in order of preference. The choices are sufficiently interesting to give at some length. On the left is the order of preference and under each type of programme are the "votes;" thus, 378 people gave sports broadcasts first place, 299 second place, etc.

	Sport	Dance Music	News	Comedy	Concerts	Drama
1	378	608	410	299	543	276
2	299	441	545	482	336	384
3	298	383	566	516	311	391
4	289	325	458	538	343	412
5	299	338	341	378	468	469
6	641	303	126	171	395	446

Conclusions should not be drawn too hastily from this table. For example, the "favourite programme" question rated the worthy Mr. Benny and Major Bowes so high that we suspect a great many of the 879 people who put concerts first or second choice were getting high hat. Notice the top figure popularity of dance music and the heavy figures for news.

The questionnaire revealed many other things which are still being studied. This has only been a first glance at the radio entertainment business.

Famous Flights of The North

By
SANDY A. F. MACDONALD
Toronto

Some of the Finest Achievements in the World of Aviation Have Been Flights in the Canadian North. The Courage, Reliability and Resourcefulness of These Northern Pilots Bring to Them Such Honours as the Choice of Hollick Kenyon and Lymburner for the Recent Antarctic Flight.

"Pat" Reid

NOWHERE in the world today lies there a land that offers such a challenge to the adventurous spirit of youth as those vast, gaping frontiers that sprawl across the roof of the North American Continent. No swifter moving, more dramatic quest has ever swayed the steps of visionary men than the epic empire building drama set in motion by the lure of untold hidden wealth in the mighty North. The romance of wings, the glamour of gold, the spell of vast, silent, majestic freedom—these have conspired to urge a legion of fearless flannel shirted men straining forward along the trails and in the air, intent on a momentous task, the "cracking open" of North America's last great frontier.

Since the earliest conquest by dauntless men in tiny ships, on down through the centuries that have witnessed countless tales of grim and stirring adventure in the legends of the fur trade, glamour and romance have been woven into the colourful story of exploration and conquest of that vast rugged empire of solitude that lies beneath the steel blue guiding star, Polaris.

Today the aeroplane, newest, swiftest and most potential mechanism yet devised by man, is supplanting traditional means of transportation in the North. Millions of pounds of freight are moving into those vast far-flung territories at a rate that, in the light of past progress, seems almost incredible. Tales of great distances spanned and world records in freight tonnage flown have become so commonplace as to make it appear that the northern pilot's task is simply one of prosaic freight hauling daily routine.

But no less adventurous than the explorer and voyageur of old, in whose footsteps he follows, is the doughty skyhawk of the present era. For flying in the North is not attended by the highly organized airway radio beam, meteorological services and ground organization that have been developed elsewhere. A lone eagle, operating from the shore line of some isolated lake in summer, the wind swept ice in winter, the northern bush pilot is dependent solely on his own good judgement, resourcefulness and initiative.

The planes that have performed such amazing accomplishments in the Canadian North have been ordinary commercial pay load carrying ships, with an average cruising range of not more than five hundred miles. With these limitations in mind and the knowledge that the Canadian pilot operates in extremes of climate found nowhere else in the world except Russia, the fact that some of the most outstanding flights in the North have traversed more than nine thousand miles of uncharted wilderness becomes all the more remarkable.

The story of flying in Northern Canada is a story that will never be fully told. For many a dramatic adventure has transpired back in the Barren Lands that is sealed only in the hearts of those who played the principal roles. In attempting to present a chronology of outstanding flights in the North, I do so with the reservation that only those on which the spotlight of publicity has been shed may be included. Many an exploit that could quite well qualify as epic lies secreted within a terse entry in some pilot's log-book.

The famous Junkers machine for which a propeller was made from oak sleighboards.

In the winter of 1920 two Junkers metal monoplanes purchased by the Imperial Oil Company took off from Edmonton on a projected flight to Fort Norman on the fringe of the Arctic Circle. The ships were the first of their kind in Canada. The flight was the first attempted into the far North. The pilots were Fullerton and Gorman.

At Fort Simpson one of the planes broke through the ice on landing, damaging one ski and the propeller. The other ship, attempting to continue alone, crashed shortly after taking off, breaking the propeller, a wing and part of the undercarriage.

This left the party completely stranded hundreds of miles from civilization. It would be five months before any help could arrive from outside. Bill Hill, Fullerton's mechanic, decided to manufacture a propeller on the spot that would enable one of the machines to be flown out before breakup. The party set to work on Hill's crazy idea. Oak sleighboards from the Catholic mission provided the material. With the aid of Mr. Johnson, a skilled carpenter in the employ of Hudson's Bay Company, the boards were laminated together with moose-hide glue. Then, with the crude tools at hand, they were laboriously fashioned into propeller blades and painstakingly "balanced." The job took eight days to accomplish.

As an example of skill, perseverance and resourcefulness, Hill and Johnson's effort will take some beating, even in the North where these attributes are commonplace.

On April 23rd the home-made propeller and the two good remaining skis were fitted to one of the planes. A start was planned for the following morning. During the night, however, the party was shaken out of their sleep by an Eskimo, who came to tell them that the ice was breaking up in the Mackenzie. Rushing to the scene they found that only four hundred yards of solid ice remained for a take-off. With desperate haste the party proceeded to warm up the oil and prepare the aircraft for flight. By the time the engine was ticking over, a bare hundred yards of runway was all that remained! Fullerton decided to take off alone and fly to a nearby lake, where the ice was still solid. With such a short run, the plane scarcely had gathered flying speed when the end of the runway was reached. As it sogged along over the open water, the skis dipped twice before Fullerton had sufficient speed to commence to climb. It was a close call.

The party trekked to the lake where Fullerton had landed and the following day were flown out. A final difficulty confronted the expedition. As they flew south they noticed that the rivers were all open and that there was no snow on the ground. A landing was finally made on Little Bear Lake, fifteen miles from Peace River, where they had stored their wheels on the trip in.

* * * * *

In September 1926 an epochal flight was undertaken by the late J. Dalzell McKee and Wing Commander A. E. Godfrey, M.C., A.F.C., R.C.A.F. This was the pioneer passage across the Dominion by air. The route followed lay almost entirely in Northern Canada. Made in a Douglas seaplane, the historic flight took thirty-five flying hours to accomplish. (Contrast that with the reasonable prediction that airliners in the next decade will negotiate the same route in less than fifteen!) To commemorate the flight Mr. McKee donated the trans-Canada trophy, which has come to be recognized as the highest recognition that can be awarded a Canadian pilot. Since the death of Mr. McKee, the award has come to be more popularly known as "the McKee Trophy" in memory of the donor. The winners of the coveted distinction to date have been as follows: 1927, Captain H. A. (Doc) Oaks, D.F.C., Western Canada Airways; 1928, Captain C. H. (Punch) Dickins, O.B.E., D.F.C., Western Canada Airways; 1929, Captain W. R. (Wop) May, O.B.E., D.F.C., Commercial Airways; 1930, Squadron Leader J. H. Tudhope, M.C., R.C.A.F.; 1931, Pilot George H. R. Phillips, Ontario Provincial Air Service; 1932, Pilot-Instructor M. Burbridge, Edmonton and Northern Alberta Aero Club; 1933, Pilot Walter Gilbert, F.R.G.S., Canadian Airways; 1934, Flight Lieut. E. G. Fullerton, R.C.A.F.

* * * * *

On August 3rd, 1927, R. J. Jowsey, who was at that time developing the Sherritt-Gordon Mine, sent a wire to James A. Richardson, of Western Canada Airways, offering the latter a contract for thirty tons of freight to be flown from The Pas to his property. The late Fred Stevenson (after whom Stevenson Field, Winnipeg's municipal airport, was named) was the pilot selected to carry out the contract. While there was nothing of a particularly spectacular nature about this flying operation, it nevertheless is entitled to rank among the most momentous in the whole world history of aviation. It was the beginning of an era in which Canada's northern pilots have established aircraft in an altogether unique sphere of usefulness to mankind, the transportation of heavy freight to inaccessible

The most famous ship of them all, G-CASK, which has logged more outstanding flights than any other machine.

"Punch" Dickins, fourth from left, another of the famous northern pilots and first to fly across the Barren Lands.

areas. In 1934 our northern operators transported the colossal total of fourteen and a half million pounds of freight by air. In ton-miles their record was not exceeded by all other countries in the world combined! Whole mining plants were included in the cargoes that went to make up this tremendous tonnage.

* * * * *

During the winter of 1927, when the site of Fort Churchill was being surveyed as a terminus for the Hudson Bay Railway, it was found that borings would be necessary to determine the nature of the subsoil. Churchill was ice-bound and isolated from the end of steel by two hundred and eighty miles of frozen waste totally inaccessible by road. The Department of Railways and Canals engaged the services of Captain "Doc" Oaks, dean of all Canada's pioneer airmen, to fly in the drills and drill equipment in the dead of winter. Little was then known of the many ingenious devices that today enable the Canadian airman to carry out routine flying under extremes of winter cold. Two Fokkers were purchased in New York to undertake the job. They were flown in via Sioux Lookout and Norway House, changing from wheels to skis at Camp Borden, Ontario, en route. In addition to Captain Oaks, the crew included Rod Ross, Bernt Balchen (world famous Atlantic and Antarctic air explorer), the late Fred Stevenson, and Al. Cheeseman (later Sir Hubert Wilkins' pilot in the Antarctic). The job, which included the transport of twelve men and 15,000 pounds of equipment, was accomplished in three weeks. The decision to locate the railway terminus at Fort Churchill was dependent on this flying operation. Had it not been possible, the data obtained would have been delayed for nine months.

* * * * *

They called them "devil men," the superstitious Eskimo and Indian, the first trail blazers of the sub-arctic wastes. Now they casually employ them to freight their fur! In the nebula of bally-hoo that has surrounded ocean flights, endurance flights and speed contests, Canadians have never realized the true import of the first conquest of the Barren Lands by air—nor the skill and courage required to undertake a flight that even to this day remains a hazardous undertaking.

While ocean flights have accomplished little to date, the territory traversed by "Punch" Dickins' Fokker in 1928 has since resounded to the drone of many wings in the sky. No less adventurous than the pilot were the sponsors of the flight who accompanied him, Colonel C. D. H. MacAlpine, of Dominion Explorers, and Richard Pearce, of the *Northern Miner*.

The party left Winnipeg on August 28th, proceeding via Norway House to Churchill, thence up the west coast of Hudson Bay to Chesterfield Inlet. Here the actual flight across the Barrens commenced. The sketchy maps available served only to give Captain Dickins his compass bearings between Baker Lake and Lake Athabasca, some eight hundred miles away. Otherwise they lacked sufficient detail to be of any use. Realizing that in those latitudes, so approximate to the Magnetic Pole, the ordinary compass would be of little value, the pilot had provided himself with an earth inductor compass. The adventurous flight had no more than started when this instrument became unserviceable! This left him with no means of navigation except the sun!

During the entire flight across the bleak barren wilderness not a living thing was seen, except a single white bird that was observed after about three hours of flying. Soon after crossing the timber line smoke from forest fires was encountered. This became thicker and thicker until the sun was practically obliterated. With the gas supply rapidly diminishing, the party was now completely lost! Just before running into the smoke haze "Punch" Dickins had taken a rough bearing on his magnetic compass. Risking the chance of wide declination, he continued to fly blind on this course. The greatest hazard now was the possibility of passing to the east of Lake Athabasca. He accordingly bore to the west about three more points. Seven and a half hours after leaving Baker Lake, a height of land was crossed and a rather well defined water course picked up. "Punch" reasoned that it must lead to one of the larger lakes and followed it. Shortly afterward he was able to identify Lake Athabasca.

W. Leigh Brintnell and Stan. McMillan, president and chief pilot, Mackenzie Air Services, with the first load of concentrates freighted from Eldorado Mines.

The men who made the Churchill flight. Left to right: Rod Ross, Bernt Balchen, Al. Cheeseman and the late Fred Stevenson.

He swung along the shore and landed at Stony Rapids—the first pilot to ever cross the sub arctic Barren Lands.

* * * * *

In midwinter of the same year a daring flight was undertaken by "Doc" Oaks and "Pat" Reid, of N.A.M.E., along the east coast of Hudson Bay to Richmond Gulf. The planes departed from Remi Lake on December 30th and Moose Factory was reached without incident; but from this point on a blinding blizzard was encountered. The visibility became *nil*. The planes flew directly over Rupert's House, unable to see it, or each other, in the storm. Reid managed a safe landing on the ice three miles off shore and froze his plane down to prevent it being wrecked by the terrific wind. Oaks, who had as his passengers the Anglican missionary from Rupert's House and his bride, attempted to taxi in search of a sheltered spot near shore. In so doing he broke a ski. The following morning things looked hopeless. It was 40 below and the blizzard still raged with unabated fury. Oaks set out on foot to search for Rupert's House. Fighting his way for seven torturous miles along the snow-bound shore line in the face of the biting gale, he finally stumbled upon a landmark and realized that he was north and not south of the post he was seeking. He retraced his steps to the plane, to learn that an Indian trapper had passed by and taken word to Rupert's House. The following day, when the storm subsided, help arrived. The broken ski was repaired with the help of the mission blacksmith. Oaks and Reid reached Richmond Gulf on January 11th. The two planes transported thirteen men out to Remi Lake in the one day.

* * * * *

On New Year's Day 1930 word reached Edmonton that diphtheria was raging at Fort Vermilion, four hundred miles north. The message stated that the post manager was dead and that the disease was rapidly spreading among the Indians. The situation was desperate. Antitoxin was urgently needed. The message was days old when it arrived, having travelled out by dog team. The only aeroplane that was available at Edmonton was an open Moth belonging to the aero club. It was fitted with wheels and there were no skis to be had on short notice. The weather was 60 below. "Wop" May and "Vic" Horner volunteered to try to get through with the antitoxin. Somehow they managed to get the tiny wheel-equipped plane off the deep snow and headed north. Forty-eight anxious hours passed. Then a radio message was received from Peace River, "Epidemic checked." On the return journey the little plane battled a blizzard all the way south. May had his face frozen. The flight was one of the achievements that led to his award of the McKee trophy that year.

* * * * *

On the 5th of August 1929, W. Leigh Brintnell, operating manager of Western Canada Airways (now president Mackenzie Air Service), left Winnipeg with a Fokker Super-Universal on a tour of inspection covering the Mackenzie River area, Yukon and the littoral of British Columbia.

The flight occupied ninety-four hours flying time, during which nine thousand miles were flown, a distance equal to a flight from Ireland over the Atlantic ocean, across Canada and over the Pacific ocean to Japan. Fog was encountered on the White river, low clouds and rain at Carcross. Clouds and fog were also experienced at White pass. Heavy smoke haze from forest fires added to the difficulties of navigation over the mountains. The flight constituted the first of circumnavigation of Great Bear Lake by air. Personal observations made during this phase of the trip played an important part in subsequent mining developments in that camp. Today the giant five-and-three-quarter ton Bellanca, *Eldorado Radium Silver Express*, which is one of the ships of Mr. Brintnell's fleet, plies her daily rounds between the Eldorado Mine and Waterways. Freighting two tons of mine supplies up and the equivalent tonnage in concentrates down each trip, the run constitutes one of the most remarkable air freighting operations on record.

The seven hundred and forty-two mile portion of Brintnell's trip from Aklavik to Dawson City was the first hop ever made across the northern end of the Rockies. Of the total nine thousand miles covered on this epic flight, over [*Continued on page 66*

THE COMPANY NEWS REEL

W. R. Cargill, post manager at Norway House, listens in to the radio at what is obviously his comfortable residence at this very old post. It will be observed that Mr. Cargill has superior literary tastes. The efficient looking footwear is Moose Factory native work.

Two officials of the Canadian Committee office of the HBC—left, J. C. Atkins, manager of the insurance department and authority on pipes and tobaccos, and right, N. B. Francis, tennis and badminton expert and controller of the Canadian Committee office.

G. A. Craig, manager of the eastern Sales Division of Landau & Cormack Limited, Montreal manufacturers of Hudson's Bay tobaccos, left, with D. M. McCurdy, centre, and H. White, managers of the H B C Wholesale Departments at Vancouver and Winnipeg.

Above on right: Inspector J. Milne and W. G. Scholz examining recently purchased furs at the Company's Winnipeg Fur Purchasing Agency.

Left: A retired Hudson's Bay Company fur trader who prefers to remain in the north —William (Bill) Campbell, of Norway House.

Right: B. C. Lemon, of Dinorwic post, in the Superior-Huron district, suspicious that he has a cold, prepares for the worst. On the floor is the mustard, on the chair the latest copy of "The Beaver," H B Imperial Mixture is on the radio, and a green H B "Point" blanket is about his shoulders. What more can a man want?

Left: This year the City of Vancouver celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation and for the parades to be held the Governor of the Company, P. Ashley Cooper, has been instrumental in obtaining the old London General Omnibus Co. pre-war bus, one of two survivors of that fleet which disappeared from the London streets to reappear along the shattered roads of Flanders full of troops. Mr. Cooper is here seen talking to the driver. Below: G. C. M. Collins, post manager at Norway House, warmly dressed in a new H B "Point" blanket parka, takes readings for the meteorological service. We understand in this case the reading was —55°.

"Fair and decidedly cold." January mean —15°, February —21°. Above, some H B C Winnipeg officials both look and feel cold as they hurry to the office after lunch. Right: We cheer ourselves with a summer view of Temagami post.

Left: An Indian grave on the Fort St. John's-Nelson trail in British Columbia. (Photo Inspector J. Milne.) Above: A view of the restored entrance to Fort Prince of Wales at Churchill. Excellent work has been done there. (Photo G. Coutts, Dominion Government Service.)

LONDON OFFICE NEWS

DURING the past three months we have had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. A. H. Doe, superintendent of buildings. The following members of the Canadian staff have been studying furs in the warehouse: W. A. Smith, Labrador district; G. A. Beare, St. Lawrence district; S. A. Stephen, Mackenzie-Athabasca district; M. V. Morgan, Mackenzie-Athabasca district; John Lawrie, Saskatchewan district; G. S. M. Duddy, Mackenzie-Athabasca district; John Milne, Mackenzie-Athabasca district; D. G. Boyd, James Bay district; R. B. Carson, James Bay district; R. E. Howell, and Robert Middleton, Mackenzie-Athabasca district.

On 1st November 1935 we received a visit at Hudson's Bay House from Grey Owl. He had a conversation with the Governor and with the Secretary, and inspected a number of the archives, in which he was most interested.

On 3rd January the Governor and directors entertained to luncheon at Hudson's Bay House, Vice-Admiral Sir H. T. Walwyn, K.C.S.I., C.B., D.S.O., the new governor of Newfoundland, and the Hon. Sir John Hope Simpson, C.I.E., the Hon. W. R. Howley, K.C., and the Hon. Thomas Lodge, C.B., members of the commission government.

The Governor and Mrs. Cooper were present at Euston Station on the departure of the retiring high commissioner for Canada, the Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, and Mrs. Ferguson. The Company was also represented at the arrival of the new high commissioner, the Hon. Vincent Massey, and Mrs. Massey.

On 19th December 1935 the Beaver Club held its Christmas party at Beaver House. During the evening there was dancing and a variety entertainment, at which were present the Governor and Mrs. Cooper, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. B. P. Karslake, and Captain V. A. Cazalet. A cable of greeting was sent to all Beaver Clubs in Canada.

On 13th January 1936 the secretary, Mr. J. Chadwick Brooks, gave a lecture on the history of the Company to the Halton Society at the headquarters of the Royal Air Force, Halton, Buckinghamshire. The lecture, which was accompanied by three films of the Company's activities in Canada, was most enthusiastically received.

The death occurred on 28th December 1935 of Mr. G. A. Milne. Mr. Milne retired from the Company's service in 1931 after completing thirty-four years as a buyer, of which a number of years were spent in the Company's buying offices in Canada.

On Tuesday, 28th January 1936, the Company's fur auction was suspended for the day, and the offices and warehouse were also closed, on the occasion of the funeral of His Late Majesty King George V.

Visits have been paid to Hudson's Bay House to inspect the archives by Monsieur M. Giraud, professor at the Lycee of Rheims, for the purposes of research in connection with the history of the Canadian half-breeds in the western provinces of Canada; the Hon. C. T. te Water, the high commissioner for the Union of South Africa in London; Sir Walter T. Layton, C.H., C.B.E., the distinguished economist; and Mr. A. H. Doe.

THE FUR TRADE

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

Among out-of-town visitors at the office during the past four months, we have noted the following: J. D. J. Forbes, of London Fur Sales Limited; Bishop Turquetil, on his way east from Churchill; Harvey Weber, of The Pas; and Martin K. Bovey, of Concord, Mass.

The Fur Trade Commissioner visited Newfoundland during the latter part of December, and on the return journey called at the McLure and MacKinnon Silver Fox Farms Limited on Prince Edward Island. He also spent some time at Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto on the way back, arriving at Winnipeg January 20. During the latter part of February, he visited Edmonton, Vancouver and other western points.

W. O. Douglas, who has been acting as manager of the Mingan Fur Farm during the past four months, returned to Winnipeg about the middle of January and shortly afterwards proceeded to Newfoundland, where, during the next four months, he will be acting in an advisory capacity to the government commission on fur farming and conservation measures.

A. H. Clyne returned from furlough in the Old Country and took over the charge of the Mingan Fur Farm from W. O. Douglas.

G. H. and Mrs. McKay have been receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter December 14, 1935. Mr. McKay was transferred recently to the controller's office of the Winnipeg retail store.

H. L. Woolison is acting temporarily as accountant of the Winnipeg depot.

H. P. Warne visited the eastern fur purchasing agencies during the latter part of December.

H. E. Cooper visited the line posts east of Winnipeg during December, and during the latter part of February he visited a number of the posts in British Columbia.

E. W. Fletcher visited Vancouver during the latter part of February.

We welcome R. H. Chesshire, lately of the Victoria retail store, who joined the staff of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office February 1, and wish him every success in his new sphere.

R. H. G. Bonnycastle visited Ottawa and other eastern points recently and attended the North American Wild Life Association conference at Washington, D.C.

On the occasion of his retirement to take up a position with Systems Limited, A. M. Lillie was met by members of the Fur Trade staff and presented with a silver cigarette case.

N. Wilding has been engaged in fur buying at Prince Rupert, B.C., during the past few months.

J. C. Donald returned to the West during January and has since been engaged in visiting fur farms in the prairie provinces.

J. B. and Mrs. Milne, of the Mackenzie-Athabasca district, returned at the end of January from a holiday in the Old Country and stayed some time in Winnipeg before proceeding to Edmonton.

It is with regret that we have to record the death at Montreal, February 9, of Father Lefebvre, bursar of the Roman Catholic mission in the Mackenzie River area. Father Lefebvre was in his seventy-fourth year and served in the mission in the Northwest Territories for almost half a century.

Captain T. F. Smellie visited Ottawa recently in connection with next season's operations of the *Nascopie*.

The Hudson's Bay House hockey team is leading "C" division of the Commercial League, having won all games to date.

The annual Fur Trade conference opens at Winnipeg, Tuesday, March 10.

Another "old-timer" has reached the retirement age. Osgoode E. Thompson was born in Toronto sixty years ago and joined the Winnipeg depot staff twenty years later. He has now completed almost forty years' unbroken service and holds the Company's long service gold medal and bar. We wish him many years to enjoy his well earned retirement.

British Columbia District

Mrs. Geo. P. McColl, of Port Simpson, and Mr. W. S. Russell, of Hazelton, visited Vancouver during November to select merchandise for the Christmas trade. Other visitors to district office were: Mr. Geo. W. Allan, K.C.; Captain Cowley, of the Mackenzie River Transport; Captain Morris, of Nelson River Transport; Mr. Wm. Ogilvie, of Fort St. James; Mr. F. F. Martin, general manager of the Company's retail stores; and Mr. C. W. Veysey, of Winnipeg.

The district manager and the district accountant attended the funeral, which took place in Vancouver on 21st December, of the late A. C. McNab, ex-employee of the Company. Also present were Wm. Ware, B.C. district ex-manager, J. C. Boyd and C. Christie, former employees, and Captain Alexander, of Mackenzie River Transport.

Reports from the posts indicate a general scarcity of furs this season, especially in marten and mink.

A building has been erected at Manson Creek, north of Fort St. James, and the camp trade is in operation under the charge of J. Copeland, who arrived there on 3rd December.

The village council of Port Simpson sent a message of condolence to His Majesty Kind Edward VIII on the occasion of the death of his late Majesty King George V. The cable read as follows:

"His Majesty King Edward Eighth,
Buckingham Palace,
London, England.

"Accept for yourself, the Queen Mother and Royal Family, sympathy of chiefs and people of Tsimpsean tribe, Port Simpson, British Columbia, in your breeavement. Our people have followed with interest events in reign of His Majesty the late King, having met him and our beloved Queen Mother when Duke and Duchess of York visiting Vancouver 1906, receiving then a personal letter from His late Majesty. In 1912 we were honoured with visit of Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Viscount Lascelles, and our loyalty to the Royal Family is now extended to you, praying for you a long and happy reign.

"On behalf of the chiefs and village of Port Simpson,
(Signed) Chief We-Shakes Dudoward,
Chief Councillor."

After the memorial service on 28th January, Mr. Geo. P. McColl, post manager, made the following address to the people assembled:

"People of Port Simpson, fellow British subjects all, I am proud to have the honour of representing the Hudson's Bay Company on this very important but very sad occasion.

"We are a very old English company, and, in the long years we have been operating in Canada, we have had the personal friendship of the Royal Family.

"In 1670, King Charles II granted the Company its Charter, and ever since then we have been honoured with the friendship of each succeeding ruling monarch.

"And now last year, 1935, our Governor, Mr. Ashley Cooper, before leaving England on his visit to Canada, was given a special message from our late beloved King George V, and was bidden personally to deliver it to all the King's loyal subjects who lived in Northern Canada and on the shores of Labrador. This duty was faithfully performed by the Governor.

"The people of Port Simpson have sent a message to Buckingham Palace, England, expressing their deep sorrow in the passing of King George, and renewing their loyalty to our beloved Prince of Wales, now King Edward VIII. So today we meet to mourn with you, on this sad occasion, the passing of a great monarch, and we can best honour his noble memory by gathering round and sustaining the young King, who for so long we have been delighted to know as the Prince of Wales."

Western Arctic District

As we go to press the district manager, R. H. G. Bonnycastle, has just returned from Washington, D.C., where he attended the North American Wildlife Conference. While he was in Washington a record for forty years was set up for sustained cold, and there was a very heavy snowfall which completely blanketed the city and environs. Whether these wintry conditions were staged to make Mr. Bonnycastle feel at home we do not know, but in any case they were not appreciated.

The cold wave which has been sweeping Western Canada with great severity has brought temperatures at many of the western cities lower than those prevailing at the same time at Aklavik and Coppermine, and if these conditions keep up it will be a case of going to the Arctic to escape the cold weather.

Word received from Engineer L. G. White, of the *Fort James*, at Tuktoyaktuk indicates that all is going well there and the ship is safely frozen in. On October 6th, however, there came a great gale from the northwest which caused an exceptionally high tide, actually bringing tide waters up around the buildings and threatening to carry away the small boats, oil barrels, etc., which had been thought safe and sound above the highest water level. Thanks to strenuous work on L. G. White's part, however, nothing was lost, and we know better what to guard against in the future.

Apprentice Tom Scurfield left Aklavik November 18th for Herschel Island, arriving there November 23rd with eight Eskimo teams picked up en route escorting him in to the post. He did a busy trade and returned to Aklavik in time for Christmas. He visited Herschel Island again in January and is remaining until the end of the season.

Word has been received from Reid Island indicating that J. E. **Sidgwick and Apprentice** J. J. Wood are holding down the fort well and doing a good trade.

The government's reindeer experiment is already bearing fruit, and the various residents at Aklavik have been very fortunate to have the opportunity of purchasing small supplies of reindeer meat, which has been relished by everyone. Even the most sceptical of the scheme of introducing reindeer into Canada have to acknowledge its value when they actually come to eat the meat it provides.

We deeply regret to report the passing of Father Lefebvre in Montreal on February 9th. Father Lefebvre was a true gentleman and beloved of all in the North, irrespective of creed.

The suggestion has come from Ottawa that a less tongue-tying name for Tuktoyaktuk should be selected for our new transport depot beyond the mouth of the Mackenzie. Apparently the Geographic Board of Canada has already experienced a good deal of trouble with the weird composition of letters represented by Eskimo names in other parts. We are open to suggestions for a name which will be at once euphonious and apposite.

We are pleased to report that Cyril Wingnik, who was badly injured in an explosion at our Bathurst Inlet post on August 31st (see December 1935 issue), has now returned home from the hospital at Fort Smith, where the good care he received from Dr. Morrow and the nurses of the Grey Nun's Hospital have restored him to health. The fact that he was able to get to the hospital was truly providential and something which would not have been possible a few years ago before the advent of aeroplanes and radio.

News has just been received of the death, as a result of the measles epidemic which swept the Arctic coast last summer and early winter, of Ambrose Arnavigak and wife. Ambrose was employed as interpreter by the Company for many years and recently was one of our good trappers. They will be missed by their many friends.

Plans for the 1936 season of navigation are going forward. The steamer *Distributor* is expected to land all Western Arctic supplies near Kittigazuit on her first trip north after open water. This will be the farthest north the veteran steamboat has penetrated. The *Dease Lake* is slated to ferry the freight to Tuktoyaktuk from whence it will be forwarded to destination by the *Fort James*, and such other local assistance as may be necessary, with the *Aklavik* on the King William Land end of the route.

Even in this day and age, and in spite of the communication facilities we have with most of our Western Arctic posts, there are still two which have not been heard from since the beginning of September. These are Baillie Island and Fort Collinson, the two farthest north in the district. We hope to hear good news shortly from post managers R. H. Kilgour and C. V. Rowan.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

We extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Gallagher, of Wabasca, on the birth of a son at Edmonton on November 25, 1935. We understand that baby Michael is a remarkably fine boy.

Mrs. W. G. MacKinnon, wife of our post manager at Fort McKay post, came in to Edmonton in December to undergo an operation for appendicitis. Mrs. MacKinnon made a very quick recovery and returned to the post on December 31st.

Mr. H. Milton Martin has been reappointed official guardian and administrator for the Northwest Territories, replacing Mr. E. Owen.

I. M. Mackinnon, post manager at LeGoff, is at present on sick leave in Vancouver, suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism. Mrs. Mackinnon and family are with him. G. S. M. Duddy, recently returned from furlough in Scotland, is replacing Mr. Mackinnon at LeGoff in the meantime.

Donald Forsyth, of Fond du Lac post, left for Scotland on furlough on December 9th, 1935.

R. E. Howell, formerly of Fort Nelson post, has returned from furlough in England and has proceeded to Portage la Loche, where he will assist H. Ambrose.

The district manager visited Fort McMurray, Fort Chipewyan and Goldfields in December.

Miss Irene Power has been appointed to the district office staff, replacing Mrs. B. Hollingshead, nee Miss M. E. Morrison.

Although we have not been informed of the name of the lady, nevertheless we understand that R. G. B. Butchart, of Goldfields post, is forsaking the state of single blessedness in the near future.

Mr. Martin, general manager of the retail stores, and Mr. Doe, superintendent of buildings, visited us during January, and we were also visited by Mr. H. P. Warne, of the fur purchasing agencies.

The district manager is at present on a trip of inspection of posts in the Athabasca section of the district.

C. H. J. Winter, of the district office staff, paid a visit of inspection to Cold Lake post in January, returning to district office in February.

We regret to record the death of an old employee of the Company, Louis Larocque who passed away quietly at eleven o'clock on the morning of January 27th, 1936. His health had been failing for some months, and he died immediately after receiving the sacrament from his parish priest, though his death was not expected at the time. Louis was born on October 28th, 1849, at Fort Good Hope on the Mackenzie river. His father was in the service of the Company, and soon after that date he was transferred to Swan River, Manitoba. After spending a few years at that place, the family moved to Lac la Biche, north of Edmonton. On June 1st, 1870, Louis signed his first contract with the Company, though he had worked intermittently for it for several years previously, and from that time he worked steadily until he retired on December 31st, 1926, after fifty-six years and two hundred and fourteen days of continuous service. For some years, Louis was personal servant to Chief Factor Richard Hardisty, travelling with him over all Western Canada, and, but for having been sent back to Edmonton with baggage, he would have been with Mr. Hardisty when he was killed at Broadview, Manitoba, in 1918. Through his connection with Mr. Hardisty, Louis was well known to the late Lord Strathcona and all the chiefs of the fur trade of sixty years ago. He participated in the buffalo hunts of the seventies and eighties, and he had a large fund of stories of early days in the West. Through his long connection with Edmonton, he was one of its best known residents, and he had a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He leaves a widow, eighty-six years of age; a son, Henry, of Fort Smith; and several daughters.

Mackenzie River Transport

The transport office reopened at Winnipeg on November 1st, after a strenuous season in the Northwest. The staff has since been engaged in winding up the season's business and preparing for the 1936 season of navigation, which goes into active operation with the break-up in April next.

During the past three months the following members of the Transport staff were away on leave: Col. H. G. Reid, H. N. Petty, L. D. Hughes, H. L. Woolison, H. G. Seybold and Miss J. Clark.

Capt. Livingston and crew of the M.B. *Canadusa* were flown out to Waterways on November 16th, after having been stranded at Goldfields, where their boat was frozen in last fall.

Amongst those who called at the office during the past three months were Capt. Livingston, H. Yelland, Geo. DuPre, W. H. Campbell, A. L. Sawle, M. L. Ryan, Father Lefebvre, Father Serrurot, and K. Y. Spencer.

The late freeze-up of the Athabasca and Mackenzie rivers caused delay to the opening of winter air transport.

The M.T. *Pelly Lake* is being hauled across the portage from Fort Smith by Ryan Bros. for service between Waterways and Goldfields.

Interest in the Lake Athabasca mining field is increasing and shipment of large quantities of machinery and supplies during the coming summer is anticipated.

To augment our service on the upper river, Barges numbers 203 and 14 are to be constructed at Tar Island shipyard by J. A. Davis. The former barge replaces No. 202 retired from the service.

Col. H. G. Reid visited Edmonton on business of the department early in January. During the latter part of January, accompanied by H. G. Seybold, he made a trip east as far as Montreal, calling on mining companies and government departments in connection with freight shipments for the coming summer.

Saskatchewan District

R. A. Talbot, district manager, left on November 16th on an inspection trip and visited all posts in the Isle a la Crosse sector before returning to Winnipeg on December 23rd. He found all members of the staff in good health.

W. T. Clarke, clerk at Pine River post, was transferred to God's Lake post on November 27th and is now in charge of Gisipigmack outpost.

We welcome C. A. A. Nelson, who joined the service on January 1st. Mr. Nelson will commence his apprenticeship at Little Grand Rapids post.

J. C. Ross, apprentice clerk at Pelican Narrows, was transferred to Cumberland House post on January 25th, where he will continue his apprenticeship.

H. Bassett, of the Associated Screen News, Montreal, paid a short visit to our Norway House post in January.

R. A. Talbot left on January 15th on an inspection trip, and expects to visit all posts in the Keewatin sector of the district before returning to district office on or about March 9th.

A most successful fishing season on the lake near our Buffalo River post concluded on January 18th. We understand the catch was in the neighborhood of 600,000 pounds.

'Flu has been most prevalent in all sections of the district, and a number of deaths are reported amongst natives in the Fort Alexander reserve. A number of our post staff and members of their families have also suffered somewhat from this malady, but from reports received to date all are back to normal health.

Although we have had no communication from Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hampton, of Oxford House, since their departure to Scotland on leave of absence in October, we understand they are having an excellent holiday. We trust they appreciate having escaped the frigid weather experienced here lately. If they have not heard about it we will see that they have full details on their return.

J. Lawrie, post manager of Rossville, wrote us from his home in Aberdeen recently, where he has spent the past four months on leave, that he had to undergo a slight operation. All members of the staff wish him a speedy recovery and hope he will be able to take in all the Scottish cup football games during his convalescence.

Freighting operations into the Lac la Ronge and Isle a la Crosse sectors got off to a good start before Christmas, deliveries having been effected to some points before December 20th. Conditions have been excellent for this work, and just the reverse from a year ago, when teams were unable to reach a number of the more inland posts before the end of March. Fish have been moving freely from the northern fishing grounds all winter, and we understand all fishing concerns have experienced a profitable season so far.

Aeroplanes have been active in all parts of the district, especially in the mining centre in Northern Manitoba, where flying conditions have been above normal.

Recent visitors to district office include the following: Don Birse, prospector, God's Lake area, Manitoba; M. K. Bovey, Concord, Massachusetts, U.S.A.; W. Windrum, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan; W. E. Gilbert, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan; J. Visentin, Stanley, Saskatchewan; Squadron Leader Grandy and Mrs. Grandy, R.C.A.F., Winnipeg.

Nelson River District

The first winter mail from the Barren Lands reached Winnipeg on 27th December, in which Geo. Anderson, manager of Nonala post, reported all well. At time of going to press we have had no word from any of the N.W.T. posts, but we understand that the Roman Catholic mission mail team left Chesterfield on 27th January bound for Churchill, so mail from all posts (excluding Repulse Bay post, which we cannot contact during winter) is to be expected very soon. Caribou post, which is located to the northwest of Churchill, sent out a mail which reached Winnipeg on 13th January. The post manager, S. A. Keighley, reports an abundance of caribou in the vicinity and states that all natives are well supplied with food. Father Egenolf, of the Roman Catholic mission at Lac du Brochet, arrived at Caribou post on December 3rd, after having made the trip from Brochet by dog sled. We would compliment Father Egenolf (who is no young man) on this trip, as the route he traversed is a particularly hard one.

An extensive caribou migration took place in Northern Manitoba during the month of November, and reports from Churchill and Gillam posts advised that one south-bound train had to travel at slow speed for over twelve miles in order to avoid running into the herd. This is a most unusual occurrence, as, generally speaking, caribou in herds have never been seen in that area so far south of the barren lands.

Team freighting got off to a good start in the North this year. Freeze-up was early and by the end of November the first trip from Wabowden to Nelson House had been completed successfully. Conditions all winter have been good for freighting and apart from a spell of very cold weather in January which slowed things up somewhat, all goods have been delivered well up to schedule.

It is astonishing how little subarctic conditions hinder the march of civilization. Every mail from our posts at Churchill

Thank you,
Saturday Evening Post.

HUDSON'S BAY "POINT" BLANKETS

The appearance of a Hudson's Bay "Point" blanket coat on the cover of a magazine with the fabulous circulation of *The Saturday Evening Post* emphasizes the universal appeal of these sports coats, a similar model of which is shown in the photograph taken by the Great Fireplace at the Seigniory Club, P.Q.

brings word of some new activity at that point. "Bridges" and dances have been held all winter and were well attended in spite of 40° below zero temperatures and "drifts" nine feet high. In connection with these dances we would quote the following excerpt from the post journal of events: "There was a record attendance at the bridge drive and dance tonight. If it were not for the dances the school would have been closed this month, as there was not enough money on hand to pay the fuel for January." The residents are to be commended for carrying on under such handicaps.

Congratulations and best wishes are extended to Captain and Mrs. D. O. Morris on the occasion of their marriage, which took place at St. Barnabas Anglican church, Medicine Hat, on 25th January.

J. A. Gustaffson, one of our customers who traps in the Padley (N.W.T.) area and who is spending this winter in civilization, visited the office during December.

C. R. Ward, late constable in the R. C. M. Police, recently arrived at Churchill from Edmonton. We understand it is his intention to proceed north to Chesterfield in company with the first returning mail packet, and we take this opportunity of wishing him success in his new venture.

We are glad to report the safe arrival at Severn on 26th September 1935 of H. F. Bland, wife and family after completing the canoe trip from Trout Lake late last fall. J. E. J. Wilson, who was in charge of Severn post during Mr. Bland's furlough, "handed over" to Mr. Bland and returned up river to his "home" post—Trout Lake.

Miss Josephine Moore, daughter of T. C. Moore, manager of York Factory post, has spent the last month in Winnipeg undergoing dental treatment. It is expected she will return to Gillam on 7th March and make the trip to York Factory with the mail team which goes down at that time.

According to reports received from Pukatawagan, an epidemic of 'flu has been taking its toll from the Indians in that area and a scarcity of country food is not improving matters any.

In the Northern Ontario section of the district, the managers of Trout Lake and Bearskin Lake posts and Big Beaver House outpost are all agreed that it is a tough winter. Moose, caribou and small game are extremely scarce, and many Indian families have been forced to depend on government rations. The cold has been intense and very high winds have been prevalent all winter.

The district manager inspected the following posts recently and found the staff at the various places in excellent health: Trout Lake, Bearskin Lake, Pukatawagan, High Rock, Granville Lake, South Indian Lake, Nelson House, Wabowden, Shamattawa, York Factory and Gillam. Split Lake post was also visited before he returned to Winnipeg on 20th February 1936.

Superior-Huron District

M. Cowan, accompanied by H. E. Cooper, merchandise manager, visited Hudson, Sioux Lookout, Gogama and Nipigon in December, and Red Lake and Sioux Lookout in February. Mr. Cowan also inspected Peterbell, Minaki, Bucke and Allanwater posts.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. Hughes, of Osnaburgh post, to whom twin sons were born at St. Boniface Hospital on 18th November. Mrs. Hughes and the babies left for the North early in December, travelling by aeroplane.

Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. Aime Baulne, of Gogama post, on the birth of a son on 9th January.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Holden returned early in December from several months furlough in the Old Country, but unfortunately on arrival at Halifax Mrs. Holden had to undergo an operation for appendicitis. We are glad to be able to report that Mrs. Holden has fully recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wynd, at Gogama, were quarantined shortly before Christmas when their small daughter contracted scarlet fever. Mr. Holden went to Gogama to take temporary charge, and is now at Long Lake relieving S. A. Taylor, who is in Toronto convalescing from a serious operation. We all hope that Mr. Taylor will soon be his cheery self again.

J. R. Patience returned from the Old Country in January, and has been appointed to the charge of Fort Hope post. D. Donaldson, formerly in charge there, will be leaving shortly on furlough.

Mrs. B. C. Lemon, of Dinorwic, Mrs. Wm. Macfarlane, of Allanwater, and Mrs. H. M. Ross, of Grassy Narrows, were recent visitors to Winnipeg.

S. R. Thorpe, of Temagami post, accompanied by his daughter Lucile, spent several weeks in the United States on a motor trip in the late fall.

J. Manson, **apprentice, has been transferred from Hudson to Bucke post.**

A. Anderson, district accountant, spent a few days at Bucke post in November.

Jas. Glass, manager of Sioux Lookout post was in Winnipeg for several days early in February to discuss proposed alterations to the Sioux Lookout store.

Alterations and repairs to the store at Nipigon have recently been carried out.

The buildings at Hudson post have now been moved to their new site, and the work on the new fill along the waterfront has been completed.

James Bay District

We regret to report the death of Richard Esquinamou, his wife and two younger daughters by drowning. The sad accident occurred at the head of the second rapid up the Big River. Richard had been employed for some years as interpreter at Kanaaupscow outpost.

It is also with regret that we report the death of John Mark, of Moose Factory, mate of the M.K. *Fort Churchill* and in charge of Hannah Bay outpost during the winter months. He had been suffering from tuberculosis for some time and passed away at Moose Factory on December 21st after being brought in from Hannah Bay by the tractor accompanied by Constable Wilson, R.C.M.P. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

Norman Ross, who acted as transport manager at Moosonee during the past summer, visited Barrie, Ontario, for dental and ocular attention during November, and upon his return after a short stay at Hannah Bay travelled to Great Whale River in company of Jack Tyrer and J. W. Anderson. Mr. Ross will stay at Great Whale River for the remainder of the winter.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. J. S. C. Watt, of Rupert's House, is again on the sick list and hope that she will recover in the near future.

Constable L. W. Hopkins, in charge of the R.C.M.P. detachment at Moose Factory, passed through Winnipeg on 15th December on his way to his home at Major, Saskatchewan, for a vacation. He returned to Moose Factory on January 27th.

During December and January R. H. Hourde, of Detroit, spent some time in the vicinity of Moose Factory in connection with his profession of writer. He also visited Hannah Bay and Rupert's House.

Rev. Father Billodeau, of Albany, paid a visit to Moosonee in December.

T. D. Drury, apprentice at Attawapiskat, is at present in Montreal on leave of absence.

We welcome as new members of the staff P. J. Soper, of Windthorst, Saskatchewan, who is now at Moose Factory, and Jack B. Tyrer, who is stationed at Belcher post.

We also welcome back to Moose Factory Rev. Father Martel, who was for a number of years connected with various missions around James Bay. For the past five years, however, he has been working in the vicinity of Senneterre to Abitibi and south to Lake Temagami. He is now stationed at the new Roman Catholic mission on Factory Island.

The following entry is quoted from the journal of events of Rupert's House dated 18th September in connection with a commemorative cairn erected there to honour the first establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company in North America: "Signatures of the missionary, post manager, and all the white residents able to sign their names, also the canoe builders, and two gentlemen from the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg—Messrs. Doutt and Fricky—latest copy of *Beaver* magazine, Form 45 showing list of all the Indians attached to post, together with their outstanding debts, a Hudson's Bay badge and a twenty-five cent piece, and a photo of District Manager J. W. Anderson reading address of welcome to our Governor Patrick Ashley Cooper on his arrival at the post last summer, were enclosed in a lead casket, carefully soldered and placed in the cairn." The cairn was built under the supervision of J. S. C. Watt, post manager, and Gilbert Edgerton, apprentice.

St. Lawrence District

During the month of December the district manager, accompanied by H. E. Cooper, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office, visited Weymontachingue, Oskelaneo, Senneterre and La Sarre.

E. B. Maurice, of Ungava district, arrived from England and, after visiting Toronto, left with his sister for Vancouver en route to New Zealand.

On December 20 a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Swaffield. We extend our congratulations. Mrs. Swaffield, after undergoing an operation at the Women's General Hospital in January, left for Manowan by aeroplane from Oskelaneo. We were pleased to hear she had greatly benefited by the hospital treatment.

A. H. Clyne, of the Mingan Fur Farm, arrived from England on December 12 and left on the S.S. *Sable I* for Harve St. Pierre.

R. J. Mousseau, who has been transferred from the Superior-Huron district,

has been placed in charge of Weymontachingue post. J. LeM. Jandron, who was relieving there, returned to the Montreal fur trade depot to resume his duties there.

C. Picaude, recently employed as travelling fur buyer in the Lake St. John territory, is now engaged in the same capacity along the north shore.

S. Kaufman was the recipient of a travelling bag presented to him by the combined staffs of the McGill Street office on the occasion of his retirement from the Company. The presentation took place at a dinner held at the Queen's Hotel on Christmas Eve.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. W. Jefferys, of Mistassinny post, upon the birth of a daughter November 21.

A. E. Briard, after spending a two-weeks vacation in Vancouver, returned to Senneterre on January 14.

W. O. Douglas passed through Montreal from Mingan during January en route to Winnipeg, and returned at a later date en route to Newfoundland.

The sympathies of the district are extended to D. E. Cooter, of Barriere post, upon the death of his father at Windsor, England. The late Mr. Cooter was one of the King's choristers.

J. Payne has been transferred to Mutton Bay as post manager. Jacques Thevenet is at present at La Sarre as assistant.

George Fowlie, after spending three and a half months on furlough in London, returned to Pointe Bleue to resume his duties at that post.

The district manager is at present inspecting the inland posts and has already flown into Manowan, Mistassinny, Chibougamau and Obijuan.

Visitors during the past quarter were: G. W. Allan, K.C., Chairman Canadian Committee, the Fur Trade Commissioner; H. P. Warne; Major Pearce of the Land Department; Garon Pratte, J. C. Atkins, W. E. Swaffield, C. G. Dunn, Max G. Hamilton, of the Mingan Seigniory; Fred C. Gaudet, Alan Sullivan, Geoffrey Milling, of St. John's, Newfoundland; and H. A. Russell, of Messrs. Job Brothers & Company; Father Girard, O.M.I.

Ungava District

There has been no communication with any of the posts within the district since the C.G.S.S. *N. B. McLean* brought out mail from the southern Hudson's Straits posts last fall. A mail is due to arrive in Winnipeg on March 8th from the following points: Stupart's Bay, Sugluk West, Wolstenholme, Cape Smith, Povungnetuk and Port Harrison.

The following excerpts will revive memories to members of the staff elsewhere who have seen northern service. They are taken from the diary of one of the northern posts: October 13th—"The wind freshened just when we had finished listening-in to the Northern Messenger broadcast, so we went out and lashed and weighed down everything movable. We were back in the house only a few minutes . . . . when the gale increased to hurricane force. Boxes and barrels were heard moving around. We went outside again to try and check the damage, but could scarcely keep in an upright position, so great was the force of the wind. Finally we realized that the storm was too strong to contend with and all that we could do was to stand by until morning. The house was creaking in every board and trembling terribly." When morning broke and the two men surveyed the damage, it was found that a whale boat pulled up on the beach and moored to a barrel which was sunk level in the frozen ground and filled with gravel had been lifted by the wind and carried some distance away and smashed to pieces. A dinghy had been lifted out onto the harbour ice.

On February 7th the following entry is made in the diary, relating to a trip made along the coast in company with some natives: "To travel on the land is utterly impossible . . . . It took us five days getting around Cape Bullen. A strong offshore wind had carried the ice out to sea and our trail was along the narrow ledge of ice that clung to the head and at the high-water mark. At certain places the dogs had to be released and lines attached to the sleds to hold them from slipping off the ledge into the sea."

On Saturday night, February 2nd, the party had camped for the night near this headland. They were awakened by a rumbling and just managed to escape an avalanche of snow by "diving through the walls of the snowhouse." The bulk of the avalanche slid over the ice into the sea, burying the snowhouse and three of the dogs. Some of the dogs were swept into the sea, but were rescued afterwards. A blizzard was raging at the time and "before we could get our clothes from under the snow we were badly frozen." It was drifting too much to build another snowhouse and the party spent the night and the following Sunday, as the post manager graphically puts it, "outside in the lea of the cliff." Two more dogs were suffocated that night, being buried under drifted snow.

Another brief paragraph in a diary states "The marble slab erected on Beechey Island to the memory of the Franklin Expedition was found in good order. The flagpole is still standing although leaning a bit, also the small pole on the side of a hill appears from a distance to be in an upright position."

Members of the staff who are on furlough have been spending their holidays as follows: E. B. Maurice has now joined his people in Mangahaine, Taihape, New Zealand. Nothing has been heard from Mr. Maurice since, but we presume he is enjoying the climate of New Zealand after five years around Cumberland Gulf. S. C. Knapp is reported to be spending his holidays shooting on the Devonshire moors. C. L. Reid has visited Jerusalem and was contemplating a visit to Denmark; during the the rest of the time he is golfing. J. Staig has spent part of his furlough in hospital but we trust that he is fit and well again. D. A. Wilderspin, J. D. Mackenzie, G. G. D. Stephen, and P. H. Crompton have all been doing quite a bit of travelling around in the Old Country.

Labrador District

Much interest is centered on the proposed transatlantic air service from the Old Country, as it is generally accepted that Newfoundland will figure in the route that will be decided on. Hon. Thomas Lodge, commissioner for public utilities, visited Canada during November to attend a conference at Ottawa in connection with this service.

The trade pact recently agreed on between Canada and the United States also includes Newfoundland and is expected to be beneficial to certain exports, notably frozen blueberries and fishery products.

Marketing conditions applying to Newfoundland's staple products, are none too bright at present, and exporters are finding it difficult to get returns that will show them a profit. This is especially applicable to European countries. Another handicap to Newfoundland is the embargo on supplies to Italy.

Information reaches us that the rangers have completed their barracks at Cartwright. The men of the ranger force posted for Hebron were landed from the S.S. *Kyle* at Nain and will proceed to their destination when winter travelling conditions make it possible.

Cartwright, Northwest River and Hopedale report good clear weather with staff well.

Mr. J. Maurice, who spent the summer and fall at St. John's in connection with the operations of Job Brothers & Co. Limited, returned to England by the S.S. *Nova Scotia* recently.

Mr. G. Milling, who for the past few years has been managing director of Job Brothers & Company Limited, has resigned and will in future be connected with the firm of Bowring Brothers Limited. Mr. Milling was at one time connected with the Company's development department and spent a year in Baffin Land.

Admiral Sir David Murray Anderson, who has been governor of Newfoundland for the past four years, has been appointed governor of New South Wales and left St. John's for England on January 13th. He is succeeded here by Vice-Admiral Sir Humphrey Thomas Walwyn.

On January 15th the first of a series of weekly fur trade programmes was broadcast over station VONF by our fur purchasing agency. Many favourable comments upon it have been received from customers in the outports, to whom it is particularly directed. It was also heard distinctly at some of our Labrador posts.

In a message received from Nutak via Hopedale, we are informed that two deaths occurred there by drowning during the late fall. Both the victims were Eskimos. A third Eskimo died at Okak Bay, near Nutak, early in the new year. He is supposed to have met a violent death and the Labrador rangers are now investigating the matter.

We were pleased to have a visit from the Fur Trade Commissioner during the Christmas and New Year seasons. The commissioner left for Canada on January 6th.

R. Oakley made a cross-country fur purchasing trip during the month of January.

W. O. Douglas, who has been loaned by the Company to the Department of Natural Resources, arrived at St. John's on February 1st. Mr. Douglas will assist the department in their efforts to develop fur farming in Newfoundland.

From advices received from the northern section of the district, extremely mild weather has been experienced this winter to date, which has interfered with trapping and travelling by usual means.

The Beaver Club

(Continued from page 24)

garrison, and again by A. N. McLeod in 1810; while Captain By, after whom Ottawa was named Bytown, was present in 1808, as well as in 1827, as a guest of George Simpson.

The minutes of the first part of 1810 contain constant references to the absence of Joseph Frobisher on account of ill health. The following September he died, and his place as secretary was taken by William McKay. Next summer war was declared on Britain by the United States. McKay enlisted and later commanded the force that captured Prairie du Chien, thenceforward known as Fort McKay. Other club members also distinguished themselves during the war, notably Colonel William McGillivray and Major A. N. McLeod, of the *voyageurs*, who assisted Brock at the capture of Detroit.

During the winters of 1812-14, meetings were held and members elected, but "owing to the absence of the secretary and other causes," no minutes were kept. When the dinners were resumed in the fall of 1814, George Moffatt was elected secretary. At the same meeting John Johnston, of Sault Ste. Marie, who had been a member since 1808, read a poem he had written calling upon the fur traders to support the troops then engaged in the defence of Canada. Johnston himself had patriotically shown the way only a couple of months before by sending a force of a hundred voyageurs, armed and equipped at his own expense, to the relief of Mackinac; and by way of vengeance the Americans had burned his house and stables at the Sault and plundered the North-West Company stores. He concluded his poem with an appeal for their "freeborn allies," the Indians—one of whom he had married.

Peace was declared a few weeks later. The following February the club membership limit, which had been set at forty with eight honorary members, was increased to fifty with ten honorary members.

That was the last season of dinners at Dillon's. The hotel was evidently not being kept up to date, and the following winter (1815-16) the club divided its meetings between the City Tavern, which stood a few doors away from the Hudson's Bay Company office and counting house on St. Paul street, and Palmer's Hotel, locality unknown. The season after that the meetings did not begin until January 1817, and were held at the new Mansion House Hotel, the Ritz Carlton of those days, on St. Paul street, next door to Bonsecours Church. Membership was again increased, this time to fifty-five, and on January 21, nine new members were elected, amongst them Dr. John McLoughlin, of Pacific Coast fame; John McDonald, who was made a chief factor in the Hudson's Bay Company after the union; and John Siveright, who became a chief trader and later a chief factor in the present company.

Owing to the fact that this is the last meeting recorded in the 1807-17 minute book, it has been supposed that the Beaver Club ceased to meet from January 21, 1817, until the next recorded meeting of January 18, 1827. But the list of members published in the rules and regulations shows that six more fur traders were elected between then and the end of 1818, among them Simon McGillivray and Angus Bethune—the former of whom went over to London with his brother William to represent the Montreal agents of the North-West Company in the negotiations for union, and the latter with Dr. McLoughlin to represent the wintering partners.

Despite the ill feeling engendered on this occasion amongst the Nor'westers by the high handed actions of the McGillivrays, the Beaver Club continued to meet and carouse, and three years after the union it was still flourishing. On May 14, 1824, according to an item in the contemporary issue of the *Canadian Magazine*, the members gave a big banquet in the new Mansion House Hotel (the old one having been gutted by fire) in honour of the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie. Fifty people sat down to dinner at six o'clock, with John Finlay presiding. As a souvenir of that grand occasion, it is said that Dalhousie presented each of the members present with a silver snuff-box. One of these mementoes at any rate turned up at the sale of an actress's effects in New York seventy years later, inscribed: "The Earl of Dalhousie to James Hughes, Esq., in remembrance of the Beaver Club, 24th May 1824," and was bought by the recipient's grandson, Brian C. Hughes. (The discrepancy in dates is probably due to a printer's error, either in the *Canadian Magazine* or the *New York Times*, which carried the second item.)

Whether the club met during the winter of 1824-5, it is impossible to say. Mr. W. S. Wallace suggests that it lapsed for a time with the failure of McTavish, McGillivrays & Co. in 1825. But in January 1827, Governor Simpson, who had recently established himself at Lachine, proposed to some of the ex-Nor'westers still remaining in Montreal that the Beaver Club be revived. The plan was at once taken up, and ten members of the original club met in the house of William Blackwood in Montreal to accept three applicants for membership —James Keith, a former North-West partner, who had been put in charge of the Montreal department of the Hudson's Bay Company; Hugh Faries, another old Nor'wester, chief trader in the combined concern; and Governor Simpson himself. It was planned to hold two dinners that season, one in February and the other in March, at the former of which the members were to wear their medals on black ribbons, "out of respect to the memory of the late Hon. William McGillivray and other deceased members." It was also stipulated that no member could invite more than three guests, whereupon "The Little Emperor" proceeded to show his opinion of Beaver Club rules by inviting no less than eight to the dinner of February 3rd and ten to that of March 5th.

The latter was the last recorded meeting ever staged by the Beaver Club. It was probably held, like the previous one, at the Masonic Hall Hotel, which had risen from the ashes of the old Mansion House. John Finlay presided over it; Alex. Fisher, chief trader in the Hudson's Bay Company, was vice-president; Dominique Ducharme was "cork;" and the other members were George Simpson, Alex. McKenzie, Charles Grant (who, in the absence of Mr. Larocque, was acting secretary), James Keith, James Hughes, and Joseph Forsyth. The guests brought the number of diners up to thirty-two, and in the good old style they proceeded to do away with forty-six bottles of madeira and port, fourteen of porter, and eight of cyder—a performance that shapes up very creditably beside that of the historic dinner of September 1808.

So, in a final burst of drinking and merriment and song, the Beaver Club came to an uproarious end. In the whole of its existence, it had admitted to membership close to a hundred fur traders, many of whom will go down in history as the men who blazed the trails of civilization into the far North and West. We read of them in the history books enduring the hardships of cold and starvation, fighting intractable Indians, travelling incredible distances by shoe and canoe, and risking their lives again and again in the insatiable quest for furs. It is pleasant to think, then, that through their laborious lives there ran this lighter vein of warmth and conviviality which shows them to have been as human as they were heroic.

Intimate Glimpses at Eskimo Life in Baffin Land

(Continued from page 39)

the free shifting of the dogs while travelling. The leader, the most willing and intelligent animal of the team, is allotted the longest trace and therefore the place of honour at the head.

The Eskimo is essentially carnivorous. All flesh and fish are equally acceptable in times of stress—fresh or the contrary—though ordinarily the great standby of the Baffin island Eskimos is freshly killed ringed seal (*Phoca hispida*). This is superseded during the whole or part of the year by the walrus (*Odobenus roamarus*) in some localities, such as at Cape Mercy, Cumberland sound, and at Cape Dorset and Nuwata, Foxe peninsula. During the halcyon days of summer, with its great increase of migratory bird life, a diet of wide variety is available. In addition to the birds, at this season (as well as during the fall and winter under favourable circumstances) the natives may partially support themselves on Arctic hare (*Lepus arcticus arcticus*), polar bear (*Thalarctos maritimus maritimus*), bearded seal (*Erignathus barbatus*), harp seal (*Phoca greenlandica*), narwhal (*Monodon monoceros*) and white whale (*Delphinapterus leucas*).

From the ringed and bearded seals, however, nearly every primitive and absolute essential of life was, and still is, obtained—food, fuel, light, shelter, boots, lines of every description, dog harness, summer clothing, and even some crude implements made from the bones. Though not quite such a pressing utility as once, these animals still remain a feature of extreme importance to the natives throughout the North. At the present time no self-respecting Eskimo considers himself in proper relation to the universe unless he is well supplied with tea, sugar, hard biscuits, molasses, butter or a substitute, tobacco and matches. The native's great industry in trapping Arctic foxes for their valuable furs usually provides well; but occasionally they are too poor in a bad fur year to obtain these things in any quantity, and at least imaginary hardship and privation is the result. But they take it with a smile.

Notwithstanding this the Eskimo taste has not progressed far from the long inherited fondness for simple foods of the country. Especially is he partial to seal meat of any species, in any state, cooked or uncooked, fresh or frozen, though cooked meat seems to be preferred. It is invariably boiled and, on the whole, eaten rarer than

by civilized people. Regardless of preference, or prejudice on the part of the latter, it is to be recommended in a land almost wholly destitute of fruit or vegetables, for raw or rare meat and scurvy cannot live together. Only the white man contracts that dreaded disease of the Arctic, usually resulting from an excess of canned or salted meats and lack of exercise. But this is now virtually a thing of the past.

Before tea was introduced among the Eskimos, and to a certain extent even yet, a favourite drink is obtained from the bloody broth drained from pots of boiled seal meat. Pure blood taken from the abdominal cavity of a freshly killed seal is frequently added to give the liquid an extra fillip. During the winter it is a common practice to drain the blood of a newly despatched animal into a gouged cavity in the ice; there it quickly congeals and may then be pried out in a solid block and conveyed home with ease. There it is converted into a broth. Possibly from this dish has originated the preposterous popular error that the Eskimos drink oil.

It is a fact that these people consume relatively little more fat in their diet than whites living under comparable conditions. In anyone the cold of the Arctic climate may stimulate a greater use of fat than would ordinarily be the case. But no Eskimo could survive the consumption of blubber as is popularly imagined. Even their dogs, with an invincible digestion, are attacked with violent nausea and diarrhoea after an over-indulgence of fat.

The skin of the two porpoises—white whale and narwhal—called *muktuk* by the Eskimos, is considered by them a great delicacy, especially that from fins and flukes. It is sliced from the freshly killed animal and devoured raw, though occasionally it may be cooked. Kumlien remarks that when it is eaten to excess, especially in a raw state, it acts as a powerful laxative. It is usually eaten with a quantity of blubber adhering, much as we eat fat pork or beef. In consistency it is rather rubber-like and gelatinous and not of signal palatability to a white person. Fish enter into the native menu at certain seasons, notably during the run of trout in the coastal rivers during July and August. At the mouths of such streams Eskimo settlements are usually found in summer, where in peace and plenty they spend the happiest days of the year. Fish are also secured to some extent by spearing through the ice. During my winter's stay at Nettilling lake in 1925, many fine Arctic char were secured through the ice with long fish spears by the Eskimos of the party.

From the standpoint of subsistence, land mammals, by and large, are of minor value. But the caribou, while chiefly of importance as providing the ideal and indispensable winter clothing for these cold regions, sometimes furnishes a very welcome meat supply. To the inland hunter it becomes the *piece de resistence*. The Eskimos formerly, more than now, resorted to the interior and lived on these animals for weeks on end. It was a convenient way of subsisting while acquiring caribou pelts for winter clothing. Large quantities of caribou meat are still consumed, but principally obtained from herds which migrate to the coast during fall and winter. In a measure this is accidental. Of late years herds are being frightened away or killed off, and consequently no longer appear in numbers, if at all, where formerly they were abundant.

Food of vegetable origin, aside from hardtack and flour, enters inconsequently into the diet of the Baffin islanders. However, in season they are very fond of crowberry (*Empetrum nigrum*), blueberry (*Vaccinium uliginosum*) and, to a limited extent, bearberry (*Arctostaphylos alpinum*). Sometimes large and enthusiastic groups of berry pickers of both sexes strike off to the sunny mountain sides in August and early September to avail themselves of the fruit at its best when it is ripe and sweet with early frosts. The roots of the louse-wort (*Pedicularis*) are said to be sometimes eaten, but the writer has not personally observed it. The common brown seaweed or kelp of the Arctic coasts is eaten by all the Baffin island Eskimos, especially when the ice goes out in the spring. There seems then to be a marked craving for vegetable matter after the long meat diet of winter. Another favourite is the leaf of the mountain sorrel (*Oxyria digyna*), which is tart and toothsome. The masticated mosses, grasses and lichens found in the first stomach of the caribou are also sometimes eaten by the Eskimos as a sort of greens.

(*To be continued*)

Albany River Adventure

(*Continued from page 45*)

vain we tried to check our speed, but the bottom was smooth limestone and we could not grip it. We swung our legs over the sides ready to bail out if we struck. We seemed to be fairly rushing through the night, our poles and paddles rattling along the bottom. Then we began to slow up, and presently the tumult was all behind us and we were again in deep water.

Twice we got aground on sandbars and had to wade around in search of the channel. At midnight we went ashore, built a huge fire and had coffee with pilot biscuit and jam. Then we moved on.

Not soon shall I forget the beauty of that night; the constellations riding westward, the *Lily Pad* silhouetted against a high bank of yellow clay, or black against the path of the moon.

Dawn came slowly, almost imperceptibly. A fading of the stars, a faint white luminosity over the eastern spruce, then a sickly yellow glow growing slowly more intense.

When it was light enough to see well we went ashore, ate and slept. At noon we were on the water again and, reaching the end of what we had suspected was an island, looked back to see the mouth of the Kenogami or English river. We had done a hundred miles without sleeping!

For four days we lay half naked—rather more than half—in golden sunshine and sailed furiously down the mile-wide river. Ten miles from Fort Albany we boiled the kettle, shaved, and made ourselves as presentable as possible.

The wind swung into the east, and the sun disappeared. Through the low gravel islands of the delta we fought a vicious headwind. With every stroke of the paddle the post seemed to retreat before us. Then suddenly, on a low dismal island, we saw it and raced over the intervening mile. Small boys ran along the top of the bank calling excitedly to their elders as we swept past the black and white buildings of Revillon Freres, past the Anglican mission, to land in the shadow of the Company's wharf.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were away on a trip to Attawapiskat, but Clerk Ronald Thompson gave us quarters in the manager's house and was a genial host when, for the first time in over five weeks, we stretched our legs under a dining room table.

We attended the Indian service at the mission, had Sunday supper with the Reverend and Mrs. R. E. Joselyn, bought and smoked all the cigarettes in Fort Albany, sat up until all hours listening to the radio and swapping yarns with Thompson and J. A. Graham, of Revillon Freres, painted our canoes, dug an ancient cannon out of the sand under the Company's pier, photographed the natives, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves for two days.

At dawn of the 20th of August we were on our way out to sea for the hundred and twenty mile trip to Moose Factory.

The shores of the river fell away to a mere fringe of rushes edging a limitless marsh. A flock of Canada geese rose in front of us. We rounded a point to find a stinging wind in our faces and before us sinister grey water stretching to the horizon.

Hudson Bay! Where Henry Hudson had sailed three hundred and twenty-five years before, where he and his son and eight men, sick from a winter of untold suffering on this dreary coast, had been set adrift in a shallop and left to the mercy of the waves! Fit and proper, we thought, that we should meet the Bay in one of her nasty moods, learn at once what it must have cost in courage and endurance to explore this storm-tossed sea, to pioneer this desolate coast.

It was fifteen miles from the mouth of the river to the sandbar that affords the first dry camp site south of Albany. We worked hard and made seven of the miles. Then, in driving rain, we found ourselves windbound. Four hours we sat, chilled to the marrow, while the tide came in and we worked our canoes landward to paddle and wade up a creek, until at dusk we pitched our tents in the finest duck marsh and most miserable camping place we had ever seen.

At daybreak we were floundering about in the swamp loading our canoes so as to get down the creek on high tide. In a raging northeast gale we sailed down the coast, and reached the sandbar just as the seas began slopping into the canoes. Here we stayed until the next morning, learning, when the wind dropped with the sun, what mosquitoes are like when the colour of your clothes is lost beneath a mass of crawling, stinging grey.

Next day at noon we were windbound on No Man's Land, sailed on after sunset, and under flaring Northern Lights ran in through the surf to land on the clean sand of Halfway Point, the only spot between Albany and Moose where one can come ashore in deep water on any tide.

From this point on the wind failed us, turned against us, indeed, and we fought headwinds all the way to Moose, sleeping whenever we could not travel, eating whenever wood and food and a bit of land on which to kindle a fire coincided.

The next to the last night we got caught by the retreating tide while trying to round North Bluff beacon in the dark. We left the guides to sleep in the canoes, waded ashore over the mile wide tide flat, and slept for four hours until the sunrise and mosquitoes woke us.

We portaged out over the mud to meet the incoming tide, paddled furiously for three hours against headwind and pelting rain,

and drew opposite a shack squatting forlorn and yet inviting on the faroff shore. Try as we would, we could not drive the canoes ahead any further, so we tramped in, carrying our beds, and slept all day in the shack. Late in the afternoon, when the rain and wind showed no signs of abating, we pitched two tents inside the shack—so badly was the roof leaking—and spent the night.

At noon the next day (August 26) we came to Moose Factory and journey's end. It was only then, when we sank into the luxurious depths of Mr. and Mrs. Cargill's sofa and arm chairs, that we realized how much the Bay exacts from those who travel on her.

We were too numb, physically and mentally, to think at all just then, but when we had read our mail and eaten and gone in a canoe—driven this time by an outboard motor—to visit the Company's schooner, the *Fort Churchill*, we realized that we had had a great adventure.

Wings Over the Magnetic Pole

(Continued from page 50)

graphed to Gore Point then turned in to Back Bay, which was partly filled with ice. Landed in mile long fresh water lake between Victory Point and Lady Jane Franklin Point, one mile inshore. Good water, but very near freezing point. Helped Major Burwash explore camp area of Franklin expedition. Ice, snow and wind have removed most of evidences of camp.

"Pitched camp 18.00 hours by a/c (aircraft). Spent night at lake. Temperature dropped to 20 degrees F. Owing to newly melted snow, ground very damp. Cold even in sleeping bags."

On September 6th the expedition rose at 6 a.m. Gilbert noted the temperature of 33 degrees and the weather was calmer with a rising glass.

Now for the actual log of what was found at the camp of the ill-fated Franklin expedition of last century:

"Evidences of camp discovered with several cairns, all opened and empty: some with mouldering bones, but all badly battered about, apparently by bears. Returned to camp. Country very hard travelling owing to frost shattered limestone rock which spelled death to mukluks. Whole area a series of sand and shingle ridges rising to 100 feet; almost no vegetation excepting some little grass on shores of scattered pot-hole lakes and some clumps of moss in hollows. Signs of lemming holes in banks; also one fox seen—remarkably curious and unafraid for a fox—several Arctic sparrows seen and one sea gull. Everything else had apparently left for warmer parts.

"Spent morning investigating cairns at Victory Point. Three miles northwest Burwash located some interesting, if much weathered, relics, including iron, navy blue serge, hardwood and some tarpaulin with rope attached. Much signs of ice having 'shoved' far up sloping shores in the past as evidenced by ridges of shingle left."

Continuing Gilbert's log, we find further: "Took off at noon and secured movies of area. Proceeded south to Terror Bay, mapping *en route*. As ice thinning out and sheering off to southwest of Cape Crozier, a landing was safely effected at Terror Bay, where a series of graves was investigated. Same evidence of ravages by weather and animals. Burwash decided, in view of bad weathering of cairns, it was useless to waste time in further search and the party took off and photographed south to tie to line of previous day's photo flight at Irving Islands. Proceeded direct to Peterson Bay, where arrived 18.00 hours."

Gilbert's log concludes with a report covering September 7, 8 and 9, as follows:

"Weather fairly clear. Took off and made movies of Peterson Bay. Returned to Peterson Bay and left R. Finnie to spend winter in Arctic. Embarked Major Burwash and proceeded westward through Simpson Strait and along mainland of Canada. Encountered severe snowstorm over Douglas Bay, which temporarily stopped photography. Proceeded to small island east of White Bear Point, where we landed to reload magazines. Took off and proceeded to Cambridge Bay. Good photo light. Landed Cambridge Bay at 15.00 hours.

"September 8th, weather eighty per cent clear. Took off and made survey of Cambridge Bay Harbour. Proceeded directly across Kent Peninsula, where picked up photo line of previous day and flew westward. Crossing Bathurst Inlet on line passing over Wilmot Island; encountered heavy snow squall. Forced down to 500 feet. Visibility poor, so photographing suspended for twenty-five miles. Resumed photography over Cape Barrow and continued same to Coppermine under good conditions of light. Remained at Coppermine overnight, where radio operator in newly opened station reported numerous inquiries as to our welfare, also reported our safe arrival to Winnipeg and Edmonton.

"September 9th, there were broken clouds over Coppermine at 1000 feet. Took off, and crossing the height of land the clouds were at 2000 feet. Photographed Bloody Falls from 1000 feet and then proceeded to Hunter Bay and picked up radio engine left by Buchanan due to overload. Continued then to McMurray."

That is the complete log of Walter Gilbert covering the epic flight over the North Magnetic Pole—a laconic, concise record of a calculated endeavour crowned with success.

Famous Flights of the North

(Continued from page 55)

one thousand miles were flown inside the Arctic Circle.

* * * * *

On September 8th, 1929, a prospecting expedition headed by Colonel MacAlpine, of Dominion Explorers, set out from Baker Lake to fly to Aklavik via Bathurst Inlet, Great Bear Lake and Fort Norman. Two planes were chartered for the flight. The pilots were Stan. McMillan, now chief pilot of Mackenzie Air Services, and G. A. Thomson, now general manager of Canadian Airways. The planes failed to reach Bathurst. Time wore on, and as no news of the missing party came out of the silent mysterious Arctic the greatest search in all aeronautical history was organized. No money was spared to requisition every available plane that could be pressed into service. Practically every experienced northern flier in Canada took part. Due to the difficult in-between season, the efforts of the search planes to penetrate to the areas where the party was believed to have become lost were severely hampered. Bases were established as far north as open water could be found. The planes, fitted with pontoons, were pushed far up into the frozen over further north areas, always at the risk of a forced landing that would spell disaster, and under the constant threat of finding their bases frozen over on their return. The heroic efforts of the search pilots were pressed often in the face of impossible weather conditions. In a dramatic chapter of flying history that was front page news in the press of the entire continent, and in which so many outstanding pilots played such courageous parts, it would be impossible to single out individual exploits. Much of the organization work fell to the lot of the late Bill Spence and to Roy Brown, now president of Wings Limited. It was these men who reached the beleaguered party first when they were discovered at Cambridge Bay. Hollick Kenyon (himself recently missing for nearly two months in the Antarctic with Lincoln Ellsworth) played a prominent part, as did "Pat" Reid and "Punch" Dickins. The latter organized the search from the Mackenzie side. It was during the MacAlpine search that Jimmy Vance and Brian Blasdale, forced to abandon their damaged plane in the Barren Lands, walked out five hundred miles to Baker Lake. Due to the difficult conditions under which flying was carried on, the search occupied three months and occasioned 29,144 miles of flying of the most hazardous nature.

* * * * *

In August 1930 Walter Gilbert, F.R.G.S., of Canadian Airways, took off on an epochal flight with Major Lockie T. Burwash, of the N.W.T. and Yukon branch of the Department of the Interior to make an aerial survey of the North Magnetic Pole and to visit the camp site where members of the Franklin expedition in search of the Northwest Passage had died some eighty years previously. But as the story of the flight in the famous old G-CASK is adequately described elsewhere in this issue of *The Beaver*, it is unnecessary to do more here than remind the reader of this epochal flight, and to say that in September 1933 she was again piloted by Walter Gilbert on an inspection trip carried out by Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, the first Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company to travel by air.

These flights, which may be truly described as "famous" or "outstanding," present only the most fragmentary glimpse of the magnificent accomplishments of Canada's air adventures of the northern skies. Many of the finest exploits with which the story of flying in the North is abundantly replete have been in the nature of flying operations rather than individual flights. Much that is considered routine in the casual North would be front page news in any other part of the world. Canada's pilots are too seriously intent upon a great task of nation building to concern themselves with anything that savors of the spectacular.

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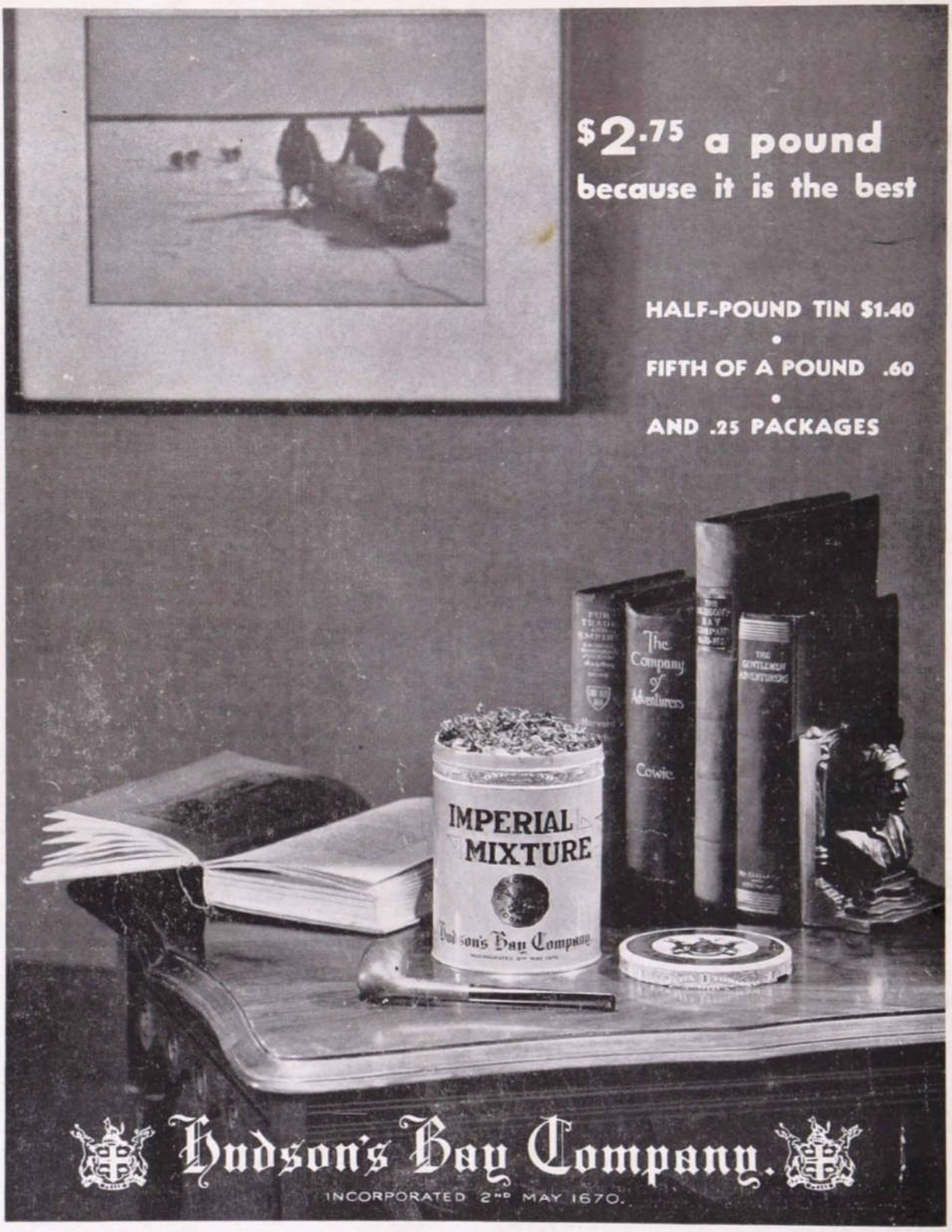
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